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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / JANUARY 1968

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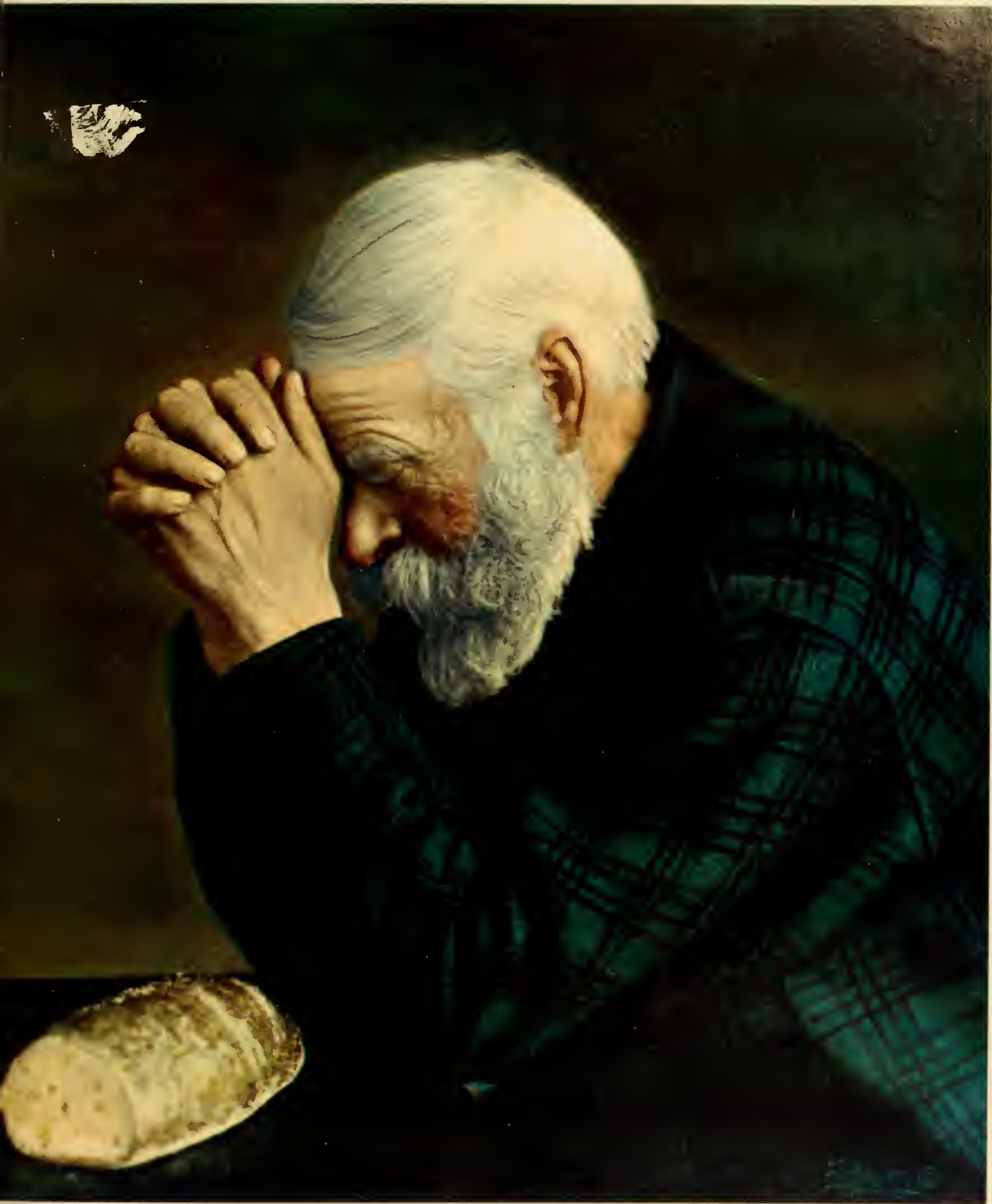
A Prayer

*Let me do my work each day;
And if the darkened hours of despair overcome me,
May I not forget the strength that comforted me
In the desolation of other times.
May I still remember the bright hours that found me
Walking over the silent hills of my childhood,
Or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river,
When a light glowed within me,
And I promised my early God to have courage
Amid the tempests of the changing years.
Spare me from bitterness
And from the sharp passions of unguarded moments.
May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the
spirit.
Though the world know me not,
May my thoughts and actions be such
As shall keep me friendly with myself.
Lift my eyes from the earth,
And let me not forget the uses of the stars.
Forbid that I should judge others,
Lest I condemn myself.
Let me not follow the clamor of the world,
But walk calmly in my path.
Give me a few friends who will love me for what
I am;
And keep ever burning before my vagrant steps
The kindly light of hope.
And though age and infirmity overtake me,
And I come not within sight of the castle of my
dreams,
Teach me still to be thankful for life,
And for time's olden memories that are good and
sweet;
And may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.*

—MAX EHRLMANN, 1872-1945

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Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

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For Methodist Families / January 1968



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New Books / 60 Small Fry / 67 Letters.

After-Hour Jottings . . . Yesterday we were out with an old broom sweeping up late autumn's dry brown leaves, and we watched them skitter away before a cold wind, searching, we presume, for the season's first snowflake.

The years are like old brown leaves, we thought. They skitter away. They act like Hollywood movie calendars, flipping months aside in rapid succession, drifting off into nowhere, diminishing in size and importance, and dropping out of sight. Perhaps that is why we look forward to a new year with excitement and firm resolve. This one isn't going to get away from us so quickly, we vow; we won't let it slip through our fingers; we'll hold onto the precious moments; we'll do good, constructive things; we'll help others more than before.

Just look at what memories the years have left **Grace Chi-chen Chao**, who writes on pages 52-55 of a time, a way of
(Continued on page 4)

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JOTTINGS/ (Continued from page 3)

life, and a society that seem so far away and long ago that it is hard to believe they ever existed. Yet we know that they did, and Miss Chao is not an old woman, either. After graduating from Yenching University in Peiping, China (how she got there is what her story is all about), she studied journalism and writing at the University of Missouri and Columbia University before embarking on a career as a free-lance writer.

Here is a woman who takes pride in her dual heritage. "We who have inherited both the Western and the Eastern customs are a very privileged lot," she believes. "We are the pioneers of cultural integration! In us, the East joins the West; and consequently our world is wider, our life richer, and we have more angles to look at a thing and more ways to solve a problem."

We must agree with this talented Chinese-American woman when she concludes that "ours is the undeniable responsibility of interpreting the East to the West, and the West to the East, and thus bringing the 'twain' together before Judgment Day!"

We think you will enjoy meeting grandmother, the missionary, the Chinese father and mother, and the small girl who grew up in a China that used to be—and not so many New Years ago either.

For several years now we have wanted to reproduce Eric Enstrom's inspirational picture of an elderly man saying grace [see page 1], but we wanted to find some accompanying text that would be equally inspirational and moving. We found it as an indirect result of TOGETHER's New Year's cover a couple of years ago. The text on that cover was titled *Desiderata*, and was the work of the late **Max Ehrmann**, an Indiana poet. It made the cover one of the most popular in TOGETHER's history.

In tracing down the tangled mystery of *Desiderata*'s origin, we came across the prose-poem prayer by Mr. Ehrmann we are using this month. A copy was provided by Eleanore Cammack, archivist at Methodist-related DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., who told us that one copy of *A Prayer* "was stolen, frame and all, from the Indiana building of the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1903."

Over a period of 10 years after that, she continued, "more than a million copies of this inspirational publication were sold, and it was translated into 33 languages."

"They still talk about him in Montana."

That's what News Editor **Willmon L. White** reported when he returned from Helena on assignment to write about *The Church That Split . . . To Grow* [pages 42-47]. He was referring, of course, to the Rev. W. W. Van Orsdel, better known as "Brother Van," who—between 1872 to 1919—literally spread Methodism from one end of that rugged state to the other.

It has become trite to say that this

man or that man became a legend in his own time. But that happens to be true of the beloved preacher who seems to have figured somewhere in just about every important and interesting event that took place in Montana for half a century.

Mr. White, who is Texas born and the son of a Methodist minister, had heard



After taping interviews in Helena, News Editor White visits a grave.

a great deal about this colorful and courageous pioneer preacher. So when his work was done in Helena, he took a side trip to a cemetery to pay his respects. He searched among the headstones until he found one inscribed simply with the words "Brother Van." That—either in Montana or in the history of American Methodism—is all the identification needed.

Who do you suppose receives the greatest personal satisfaction—the small boy on this month's cover who has successfully mastered an orderly arrangement of playing blocks; or the teen-age girl who has worked with the child? No one can say, of course. But the cover leads directly to this month's center color section where **Martha Lane** of our staff tells a reassuring story of Christian young people at work in a world few of us ever encounter.

—Your Editors

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The Church in Action

A study commission on church-government relations proposes policy guidelines for The United Methodist Church that would allow

INTERACTION... WITH INDEPENDENCE

SINCE THE days of Thomas Jefferson, Americans commonly have accepted the third president's figure of speech that a "wall of separation" should exist between government structures and religious institutions.

Increasingly, however, as both churches and government agencies have broadened their activities into sometimes overlapping fields of service, the "wall" has become indistinct.

Item: The Economic Opportunities Act of 1964, a major component of the federal War on Poverty, has enabled churches as well as other private agencies to participate in a variety of social-welfare programs such as Project Head Start and the retraining of the unemployed poor—programs financed by millions of federal dollars.

Item: The Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 has provided federal support to students in both public and private schools, including those operated under church auspices, by lending textbooks to the students and helping schools to expand libraries and other facilities.

Item: Under the Higher Education Facilities Act of 1963, both public and private church-related colleges and universities receive federal grants (not just loans) for construction of educational facilities.

Churches and their institutions also share in other aspects of Uncle Sam's largess through the Hill-Burton Hospital Construction Act and the National Housing Act. Programs of state and local governments, too, allow participation by church-related groups.

Methodist Study Asked: In 1960 the General Conference of The Methodist Church recognized "twilight zones" in the relationships of churches

and government "as new problems of a complex society have emerged." The conference authorized formation of a special commission to study church-state issues, but in the crush of 1964's race-dominated General Conference meeting, the group's report was not debated. Continuation of the study was voted instead.

Work on a new report now has been completed by the Commission on Church-Government Relations, whose members include 24 Methodists and 2 Evangelical United Brethren. It will go to the Uniting Conference of April 21-May 4 in Dallas, Texas, when the two denominations will join to form The United Methodist Church.

The document which Uniting Conference delegates will have before them contains two kinds of material. Its key elements are contained in a series of six "propositional statements" which the conference will be asked to study and to adopt as official policies of the new denomination. Also in the document will be introductory and interpretive material which discusses the complex issues dealt with by the propositional statements and describes how they were developed.

Included in the propositional statements are these proposals:

- Approval of selective conscientious objection to military service.
- Support for Supreme Court decisions forbidding worship services as part of a public-school program.
- Encouragement of the study of religious ideas, values, and institutions in public schools on a nonsectarian basis.
- Approval of use of government resources by church-related schools and social-welfare agencies only under carefully prescribed conditions.

- A call for discontinuation of certain tax advantages granted to churches and clergymen.

- Vigorous support of the obligation of churches to speak and act on social and "political" matters, including their right to seek to influence legislation.

Aimed at Americans: In the introduction to its report, the Commission on Church-Government Relations points out that its study deals primarily with the American scene and is not entirely applicable to other national situations where Methodists and EUBs live. It suggests, however, that these churchmen "continue to work for the realization and support of religious liberty" wherever they are. All members of the commission are Americans. They include laymen and ministers—university and seminary professors, lawyers, a social worker, a congressman, and representatives of denominational agencies.

The commission chairman, Dr. Joseph H. Albrecht, pastor of First Methodist Church, Springfield, Ill., emphasizes that the report now has only the status of a proposal which the Uniting Conference may or may not affirm as official policy for United Methodists. But if they are adopted in Dallas, the propositional statements will speak both *for* and *to* members of the new church.

The recommendations represent the thinking of a number of individuals in addition to the 26 commission members. A series of "sounding board seminars" were conducted around the country during the quadrennium, in which ministers and laymen reacted to the commission's early work. In addition, several task-force groups of commission members were assisted by con-

sultants in drafting various sections of the report.

The completed report, now being prepared for submission to Uniting Conference delegates, is a meaty document in which many phrases are deceptively significant. Here, under the titles of the six propositional statements, are some of its major elements:

Churches and Religious Liberty

1. Religious liberty is "the freedom that God has given . . . to all men to think and to choose belief in God for themselves, including the freedom to doubt and deny him." It includes the freedom "to be an agnostic, a non-theist, an atheist, or even an antitheist. Otherwise, the civil community would be invested with authority to establish orthodoxy in matters of belief . . . a state of affairs [which] would constitute a threat to all religious interests."

2. Religious liberty "includes the right of objection to all war or to a particular war on grounds of conscience rooted in religious faith or commitment." Because conscientious objection to war also may be based on grounds not specifically religious, the granting of deferments from military service ought to take into account "factors other than religious training and belief in a Supreme Being."

3. Because the U.S. Constitution guarantees free exercise of religion but does not permit government to sponsor or aid religious worship, United Methodists support "the Supreme Court's decisions declaring unconstitutional regular worship services as part of a public-school program." Such court decisions "enhance and strengthen religious liberty within the religious pluralism" which characterizes present American life.

Churches and Social Welfare

1. Although a social-welfare agency—hospital, home for the aged, or community center—may be related to a church, it can fulfill a legitimate public purpose and should, therefore, "have the same privileges of access to government resources as all other private nonprofit social-welfare agencies." But church-related agencies should be granted no special privileges in receiving public funds.

2. Both the granting of public funds to church-related agencies and the acceptance of such funds by the institutions themselves should be limited by specific standards. First, the government should grant funds to a church-related agency only on conditions including these: its services are available to all persons without regard to race, color, national origin, creed, or political persuasion; it rec-

ognizes the right of collective bargaining for employees; its services serve no sectarian interests. Church-related agencies, on the other hand, should not accept government resources if (among other conditions) using such funds would distort the agency's own purposes, or if reliance on government support would interfere with the agency's right to criticize government policy on moral or ethical grounds.

3. Churches should not allow themselves to become so preoccupied with their own programs so as "to divert them, or the larger community, from a common search for basic solutions." They should, for example, "challenge myths which serve to justify poverty."

4. Churches have a moral obligation "to challenge violations of the civil rights of the poor" and should direct efforts "toward helping the poor overcome the powerlessness which makes such violations of civil rights possible. Specifically, churches ought to protest such practices by welfare personnel as unannounced inspections."

Churches and Education

1. While affirming United Methodist support of public educational institutions, the church also should continue allegiance to the principle that parents have a right to choose non-public schools for their children, so long as the education provided meets accepted quality standards.

2. Co-operation between government and nonpublic schools (including parochial schools) may be needed for the adequate education of all youths. Such co-operation "may take the form of governmental support of special-purpose educational programs that bear a clear relation to a legitimate objective of public policy." However, "such governmental assistance, financial or otherwise, should not be used to support the inculcation of the religious dogmas or practices of any group."

3. The study of religions on a non-sectarian basis is a necessary part of education. "We urge the proper inclusion in public-school curricula of the study of religious ideas and ideals, values and institutions, and religious organizations and movements."

4. Church-related colleges and universities should receive government support only under specific conditions. Obligations of the Methodist-related school should include: admission open to all persons without regard to race, color, national origin, creed, or political persuasion; guaranteed freedom of inquiry and the right to teach without interference; no sectarian objectives in government-supported programs. Likewise, involvement in gov-

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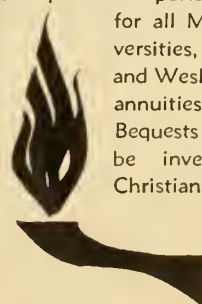
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ernment programs should not cause a church-related educational institution to: "compromise academic freedom nor divert the institution from its basic philosophy of education"; "inhibit the right and responsibility of social criticism, including criticism of governments"; or deny the church-related college or university's right "to emphasize those values and commitments which it shares with its sponsoring religious body."

Churches and Chaplaincies

1. Chaplains serving in military units and in public institutions such as hospitals and prisons should perform their ministries in a broad ecumenical context and should see that worship opportunities are provided for all persons, including those whose beliefs differ from the chaplains' own.

2. Churches should strive to make public chaplaincies "integral expressions of their ministry" and face "implications of this for supervision and budget."

3. Despite "degrees of tension" in arrangements which make the chaplain responsible to both church and government leaders, the chaplain "has the obligation and should have the opportunity to express his dissent . . . where he feels this is necessary."

Churches and Tax Exemption

1. Churches should be given the same immunities from tax liabilities granted to other non-profit charitable bodies, but should receive no special privileges. Specifically, the exclusion of churches' unrelated business income from federal income taxation "ought to be discontinued." "Discrimination in favor of churches in governmental taxation is just as pernicious as discrimination against religious groups."

2. In regard to property taxes, churches should consider making "appropriate contribution, in lieu of taxes, for essential services provided by government."

3. Clergymen should neither receive special privileges nor be subjected to discrimination under tax laws and administrative regulations.

Churches and Public Affairs

1. Churches "have the right and the duty to speak and act corporately" on matters of public policy which involve basic moral and ethical issues. "The attempt to influence the formation and execution of public policy . . . is often the most effective means available to churches to keep before modern man the ideal of a society in which power and order are made to serve the ends of justice and freedom for all people."

2. Because we live in a pluralistic society, "churches should not seek to use the authority of government to make the whole community conform to their particular moral codes." They should recognize that in the arena of public affairs they "occupy no position which is inherently superior to that of other participants; hence the stands which they take on particular issues of public policy are not above question or criticism."

3. "Churches must acknowledge and respect the role of the laity as well as the clergy in determining their behavior" in public affairs.

4. Churches should work together and, "where appropriate, co-operate with nonreligious organizations" when they seek to influence public policy. But they should not "seek to utilize the processes of public affairs to further their own institutional interests or to obtain special privileges for themselves."

5. While only the General Conference may speak or act in the name of The United Methodist Church, all connectional units of the denomination "should continue to exercise the right to advocate government policies which they regard as essential to the attainment of the goals of a responsible society, . . ." always making clear

in whose name they speak or act.

Issues involving interaction of churches and government agencies at all levels will continue to arise in the United States—many of them, no doubt, on matters not yet foreseen. Continuing study and flexibility will be needed, say members of the Methodist-EUB study commission, to deal with these future problems.

Is there, then, a wall between these two most pervasive structures of American society? Fifteen years ago, in the case of *Zorach vs. Clausen*, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas declared that the U.S. Constitution "does not say that in every and all respects there shall be a separation of church and state. Rather it studiously defines the manner, the specific ways, in which there shall be no concert or union or dependency one on the other. That is the common sense of the matter. Otherwise, the state and religion would be aliens to each other—hostile, suspicious, and even unfriendly."

To this, the United Methodist church-government report adds that "the true nature of relations between churches and governments in . . . our time is not their *separation* but their *interaction* and *correlation*." □

BISHOP BLASTS AID TO PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

Religious freedom in America "is unique, it is threatened, and it is undervalued," Methodist Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis, Ind., told the 20th annual meeting of Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State (POAU).

Bishop Raines protested that proposed constitutional revisions in several states involving governmental aid to parochial schools are attempts to put the state constitutions "in non-alignment" with the national Constitution's principles of church and state separation. He believes that there is an active campaign "to soften up the American public" to thinking that religious freedom is not real unless it not only permits churches to run their own schools but also aids them in maintaining those schools.

Asserting that his attack is not against Roman Catholics as such, the Methodist leader said he would be even more stoutly opposed to the program if Methodists were involved. He sees the resultant loss of religious freedom harmful to Catholics as well as to Protestants and unbelievers.

"One . . . false but emotionally persuasive argument for parochial-school subsidies," the bishop pointed out, "is

that any school providing an adequate education should have tax support because it saves the public money.

"There is a grain of truth here. Parochial schools do perform a public service and help reduce the tax load. But so do the Red Cross, the Travelers Aid, the Salvation Army, community funds, Planned Parenthood Associations, the YMCA, and the YWCA.

"If one voluntary institution that saves tax dollars is to receive government aid, why not all . . . ?"

Finally, Bishop Raines contended, "Freedom in religion, like freedom elsewhere, means only the removal of legal barriers to act—not the providing of resources to act. . . ."

Protestants Blamed For 'Bible Belt' Ignorance

Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches have been buttressing "the Southern way of life" for 150 years, a professor at Emory University's Candler School of Theology in Atlanta, Ga., has charged.

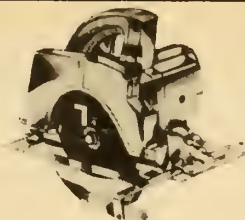
According to Dr. Earl D. C. Brewer, professor of sociology and religion at the Methodist seminary, it is surprising how many people in the



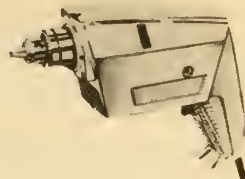
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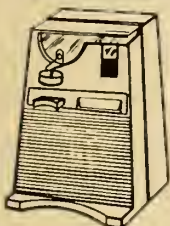
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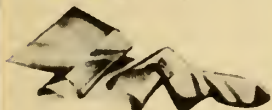
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southern "Bible Belt" think that "thou shalt not drink" and "thou shalt not gamble" are included in the Ten Commandments.

Dr. Brewer based his information on a simple Bible test he has used with more than 1,000 persons in the mountain regions of seven states. This was done as part of a Ford Foundation research project concerned with life in Appalachia.

This ignorance of the Bible, he notes, is in regions where churches have raised white supremacy to the level of a deity. "Churches now have to repudiate what they once sanctioned," he said, adding that the churches first sanctified slavery, then

segregation, a rigid class structure, and a moral code which too often has little to do with Christianity.

The outspoken professor believes that churches in the "Bible Belt" must break away from the "Southern tradition" to retain the moral leadership of the region. However, he maintains, Christianity is well suited to change.

Mississippi Church Burns; Evidence of Arson

A Negro Methodist church in Grenada, Miss., burned on a Sunday night in late October. The pastor and the district superintendent say there was unmistakable evidence of arson.

The Rev. B. J. Cameron, pastor of

the totally gutted Vincent Methodist Church, says that recent involvement in civil-rights activities by members of the church is undoubtedly the reason it was burned. A previous attempt was made to burn the church last March.

According to Mr. Cameron and the Rev. William N. Redmond, Jr., Central Jurisdiction superintendent of the Holly Springs District where Grenada is located, the loss of the building, organ, and furnishings amounted to \$25,000.

There was no insurance on the building, a former policy having been canceled by the insurance company after the Vincent congregation opened its church to a Negro Baptist congre-

Alcohol Report Uncorks Temperance Tempest

A RECENT government-sponsored report to the nation on alcohol problems has stirred up a hornet's nest of conflicting opinions since its publication in October.

The report, a five-year study by the Co-operative Commission on the Study of Alcoholism, called for a "total alcohol program" effecting definite "changes in drinking patterns."

Churchmen generally favored the report's conclusion that "prevention, not cure" is the way to handle problem drinking. But sharp criticism met such recommendations as:

- Reducing the legal age for buying alcoholic beverages to 18.
- Teaching moderation by making drinking more socially acceptable, and by making drinks available at functions "organized by church, recreational, or athletic groups."
- Liberalization of laws governing advertising to allow drinking to be shown in a family setting in which alcohol use was said "likely to be restrained."

The National Council of Churches, contrary to some news reports, has not endorsed the report but is giving it serious study. NCC executive Dr. Jon Regier stated his opinion that solutions to alcohol problems "will tend to be wet rather than dry."

The Rev. Thomas E. Price, director of the Department of Alcohol Problems and Drug Abuse of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, said the commission study "in no way conflicts with the abstinence position of the Methodist denomination," but enables churches advocating either abstinence or moderation to unite for action.

He called the study "the most comprehensive volume available in the alcohol studies field." [See *New Strategies for a Mounting Problem*, December, 1967, page 45.]

However, Mr. Price does not agree with all the recommendations. "Rather than liberalize the restrictions on liquor advertising . . . perhaps we should move toward banning ads altogether," he said.

He called such proposals as teaching moderation by making drinks available at church, recreational, or athletic functions "highly debatable," arguing that "there are some activities such as sports where abstinence ought to be structured in."

He further criticized the report for limiting the role of the church to case finding and referral tasks. "The sheer size and diversity of the church give it a larger role than

that in any social problem, especially in prevention," he said.

Mr. Price nevertheless stressed the importance of understanding the report's purpose. "It is directed to the drinkers, and the purpose of the proposals is to reduce destructive patterns of drinking," he said. "It explicitly states that the intention is not to convert abstainers into drinkers."

Released simultaneously with the government study was another report, *Alcohol and the American Churches*, published by the North Conway Institute. The position paper by the national ecumenical association on alcohol problems warned that "responsible reaction to the government report is of urgent and major importance."

The North Conway report said that areas needing early, constructive action by local churches include:

- Alcohol education for children.
- Emphasis on all alcohol and alcohol-related problems rather than just on alcoholism.
- A ministry to nonchurch people with alcohol problems.
- Experimental programs for special groups of problem drinkers.
- Developing "an army of well-trained religious volunteers" to work in the field of alcohol problems.

The Methodist *Discipline* calls for total abstinence, although surveys have shown that about 60 percent of the nation's Methodists drink at least occasionally. It also specifically forbids Methodist ministers to smoke or drink. But recently at least two annual conferences have questioned this Methodist policy.

The Oregon Annual Conference voiced support of the traditional position against the use of alcohol, but will petition the 1968 General Conference to strike "legalistic proscriptions" against drinking and smoking from official church doctrine.

"We believe the Christian principle of love for God and neighbor provides an adequate Christian motivation for personal abstinence and concern for those with alcohol problems," the resolution said.

The Western New York Conference later condemned the ministerial ban on smoking and drinking as a "hypo-critical double standard."

Mr. Price indicates that the Board of Christian Social Concerns will support such resolutions. The church's position of abstinence, he believes, will be strengthened if the legal requirements presently in the *Discipline* are eliminated.

—MARTHA LANE

gation whose church was burned last February.

The evidence of the arson was given to law-enforcement authorities, reports Mr. Cameron, and they are investigating the matter.

Meanwhile, newly elected Methodist Bishop L. Scott Allen of the Gulf Coast Area of the Central Jurisdiction (which includes Mississippi), has lauded the recent conviction of seven persons accused of violating the civil rights of three civil-rights workers in 1964.

The bishop commended Federal Judge Harold Cox of Jackson, Miss., for the way in which the trial was conducted. "This historic event marks for many Mississippi citizens the emergence of a new era in the fair administration of justice and the realization of constitutional government," he concluded.

Youth Center to Mark Spaceman's Faith

Prior to his tragic death in an Apollo spacecraft, Astronaut Edward H. White II, known for his pioneer space walk, was an outstanding member of the Seabrook, Texas, Methodist Church.

Lt. Col. White had dreams of building a recreation center for young people in the community near Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center. He had even begun to put some of his honorariums into a building fund for the project.

Now, the members of his church,

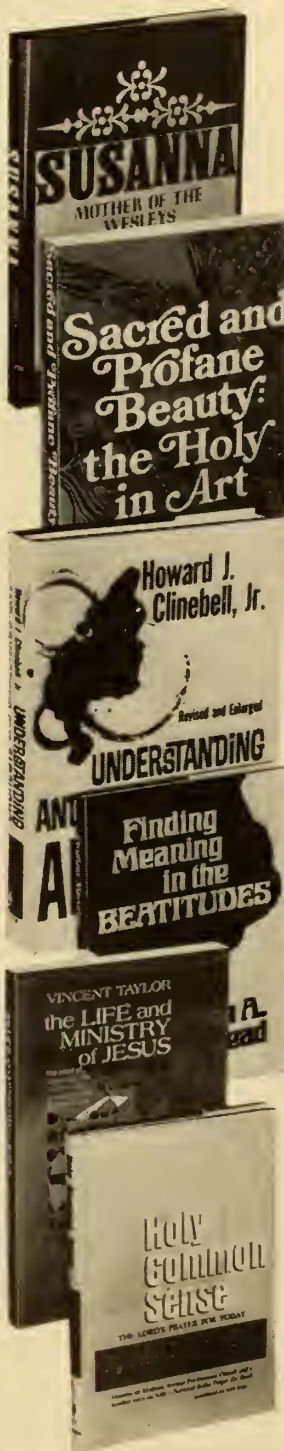
CENTURY CLUB

The seven new members joining Century Club this month include a gentleman who has been a Methodist Church member since 1884. The centenarians are:

W. T. Fugitt, 100, Louisa, Ky.
Mrs. Eva Fiegel Anderson, 100, Kasson, Minn.
Mrs. Elizabeth Butterfield, 100, Lake Worth, Fla.
Mrs. Mary Dagger, 100, Canal Fulton, Ohio.
Mrs. Anna Evans, 102, Clinton, Ky.
Mrs. Florence Somerford Weaver, 100, Fort Worth, Texas.
Mrs. Lucy Barclay Wells, 100, Wellington, Texas.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.

informative and inspirational reading



SUSANNA—MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS, by Rebecca Lamar Harmon. An intensely human biography of Susanna Wesley. Shows the mother of John and Charles Wesley, and her strong influence on their lives. 176 pages. **\$4.50**

UNDERSTANDING AND COUNSELING THE ALCOHOLIC, by Howard J. Clinebell, Jr. (Revised and Enlarged). A complete revision and two new chapters add to the usefulness of this standard work. 336 pages. **\$5.95**

HOLY COMMON SENSE, by David H. C. Read. This vital interpretation of the Lord's Prayer by a nationally known minister will answer many current questions about prayer. 96 pages. **\$2.50**

FINDING MEANING IN THE BEATITUDES, by John A. Redhead. Personal interpretations of the first eight Beatitudes illustrated with a wealth of material from the workaday world. 112 pages. **\$2.50**

THE PSALMS, by Elmer A. Leslie. An interpretation of the Psalms which gives a new sense of beauty and depth to the psalter. 448 pages. Paperbound reprint, **\$2.75**

THE GRASS ROOTS CHURCH, by Stephen C. Rose. A controversial manifesto for church renewal that calls for a restructuring of the church at the local level. 192 pages. Paperbound reprint, **\$1.45**

THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF JESUS, by Vincent Taylor. An intellectually honest biography of Jesus using the Markan outline and the Gospels and Epistles. 240 pages. Paperbound reprint, **\$1.45**

SACRED AND PROFANE BEAUTY: The Holy in Art, by Gerardus van der Leeuw. A brilliant investigation of the relationship between the holy and the arts throughout history. 384 pages. Paperbound reprint, **\$2.95**



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The Book Publishing Department of The Methodist Publishing House

led by their pastor, the Rev. Bob Parrott, Astronauts Gordon Cooper and Tom Stafford, and Dr. Charles A. Berry, head of Aerospace Medicine, have taken up the dream and launched that fund into a full financial campaign.

The Ed White Memorial Youth Center will cost an estimated \$300,000. Funds for an indoor swimming pool and athletic equipment for a gym already have been donated.

Symbolically, according to Mr. Parrott, through the display of some belongings of Ed White and other astronauts, in a "Great Hall of Faith," the center will attest to the active Christian faith of the men who participated in the first space era.

Combined Program Journal Planned for United Church

A combined program journal for the new United Methodist Church will come into being when The Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches become one this spring.

Plans for merging the present *Spotlight*, an EUB quarterly, and *The Methodist Story*, a monthly publication, were formulated during a fall meeting of representatives of the publishing units of the present magazines, their editorial staffs, and the program agencies of both denominations.

During a period of transition the new publication will bear a double name, and the present staffs will carry the editorial responsibility jointly.

Spotlight is issued by the Program Council of the EUB Church and has a circulation of about 7,000. *The Methodist Story* is published by the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation and has a circulation of about 300,000.

Publishing House Sales Jump 14 Percent

The Methodist Publishing House has marked up a record year, with a 1967 sales increase of 14.7 percent over the previous year.

In his report to the fall annual meeting of the Board of Publication, Publishing House President and Publisher Lovick Pierce noted that the year's financial success opened the way for needed expansion of operations. These include new Cokesbury bookstores in Seattle, Wash., and Birmingham, Ala., and the installation of new equipment necessary to handle increased production of the new adult curriculum and the forthcoming new youth curriculum.

In a report on *TOGETHER*, Methodism's family magazine, Mr. Pierce noted a decline in circulation from 661,730 to 646,931. However, *TO-*

GETHER agents in local churches grew from 12,000 to 30,000 and subscription campaigns have been successful in several episcopal areas, he said.

Other reports included:

- Over 3 million new *Methodist Hymnals* have been purchased.

- *Foundation Studies in Christian Faith*, the new adult curriculum, was introduced and published with responses indicating that 45 percent of adults in Methodist church schools now are using it.

- Abingdon Press published 103 new books—13 of them selected by the Book Club Guild.

- Over 50,000 copies of the *Young Readers Bible* were purchased during the year—total distribution now is over 200,000 copies.

- Curriculum audio-visual circulation was up approximately 40 percent.

The board approved an \$800,000 appropriation from Publishing House proceeds for distribution to retired ministers of the church, their widows, and orphan children. This is \$100,000 more than the annual appropriation for each of the last four years.

Cuban Methodists Take Autonomy in February

Cuban Methodists will bring the new autonomous Methodist Church of Cuba into being in February, 1968.

The organizing conference in Havana will be the conclusion of steps begun in 1964 to form the autonomous church. The new body will have about 9,000 members with 54 pastors,



A buggy ride around the Washington, D.C., campus begins American University's 75th-anniversary-year celebration. Dr. Hurst R. Anderson, president, sits with a student playing the role of the Methodist-related school's founder, Bishop John Fletcher Hurst. Congress granted the university's charter on February 24, 1893. This year registration reached a record high total of nearly 14,000 students.

either fully ordained ministers, theological students, or accepted supply (lay) ministers.

Like their fellow churchmen in Indonesia and Burma—the other two Methodist units to become autonomous since 1964—the Cubans are asking for an affiliated status with U.S. Methodism, although they no longer will be organically part of it. Cuban Methodism is presently an annual conference, part of the Florida Area under Bishop James W. Henley.

The final step toward autonomy came at a special session of the Cuba Annual Conference last August when Articles of Faith and the Constitution for the new church were approved.

Methodism Rates First As Second Choice

Of those Americans who will name a second choice among religious denominations, the largest percentage would prefer Methodism.

A recent Gallup Public Opinion Survey conducted for and published by the *Catholic Digest* revealed that about a third of all Baptists prefer Methodism as next choice.

So do 24 percent of all Presbyterians, 23 percent of all Lutherans, 20 percent of all United Church of Christ members, and 11 percent of all Episcopalians.

The survey showed the Baptists in second place, with 8 percent of American adults choosing them as second choice. Catholics were in third place with 6 percent; and then Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Episcopalians at 5 percent each.

Only 58 percent of the persons surveyed were willing to name a second choice of denominational preference. This is down 2 percent from a similar poll in 1952.

Catholic Digest concluded that Americans must all strive for better understanding of their neighbors and that "Catholics should by good example present a better image."

German Methodists, EUBs Take Uniting Steps

Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren union is making news in Europe as well as in America.

German leaders of the two denominations have taken two major steps toward making their churches one—setting dates for a meeting to unite church structures at the national level, and providing for functional, though not administrative, unification of their publishing interests.

May 25-30, 1968, are the dates set for the formation of a combined Methodist-EUB Central Conference in Germany. That union will come just



Let JOY ABOUND

The late Bishop A. Raymond Grant wrote in the Portland Area News Edition that,

"What is needed is a better informed church. Individuals are not very literate when called upon to say, 'what we believe.'"

The apostle Peter expresses the same thought this way,

"But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you . . ."

The Bishop continued,

"We should be proud of what the church is doing throughout the world. We dare not arrive at conclusions built on a hurried reading of the headlines or the irrational ramblings of the dissident.

LET JOY ABOUND as we read of the continuing accomplishments of our leaders and representatives around the world.

Let us pledge ourselves to be knowledgeable followers."

As a subscriber you know that a good way to keep informed is by reading regularly TOGETHER, Methodism's family magazine. Won't you encourage others at your church to become 'knowledgeable followers', by seeing their TOGETHER agent or pastor about this Sunday. Your mentioning it or showing them this ad might be what's needed to persuade them. Thanks!

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this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER

Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

A REPORT came to me recently—from a source I shall not identify—which offers some fascinating, frightening insights into certain aspects of current American life. It is titled *Report to Celestial Control Center From Flying Saucer X-77 Hovering in Space Above Planet Earth*, and here is the text:

"For three months now we have been positioned above the United States of America. Per our instructions, we have been monitoring evening network telecasts to discover the extent of religious life below.

"From all that we have observed, only two facts are clear. One is that among earth people there is a religious organization for women who are called nuns. One of them, apparently, has created a great stir. There are weekly reports of her activities which center on her alleged ability to fly through the air.

"The second fact concerning religious life in this country is that gatherings of individuals—marching, carrying signs, and demonstrating their opinions in various other ways—seem to be a widespread form of religious observance. Many religious leaders are seen on our television screen, marching in the streets and standing in vigils to register their dissent from governmental policies.

"Other than those two manifestations, we have discovered few evidences of the existence or extent of religious life below us. Most of the earthlings' television transmissions which we have monitored regularly are conducive only to feelings of boredom and ennui.

"In some of the specials and in the news reports there is evidence of increasing concern for that part of the earth's population which is in great need. There have been numerous reports of altruistic activities by the government and by social agencies, but we have seen practically no indications that religious institutions are involved in this. Still, we are unable to account for the level of altruism.

"Our conclusion is that we are unable to discover very much about the religious life of the Americans by watching their evening television. Perhaps their rites and activities are secret and therefore are not reported. We suspect the existence of far more religious activity than is publicized by

television, but as far as this medium is concerned, religion must be either virtually nonexistent or considered unimportant."

This is fascinating because it reveals the image of religion portrayed by the prime-time television medium. And I find it frightening because it shows television's virtual silence concerning the true nature of the mission and message of Christ's church.

If television does indeed have the powerful molding and conditioning effect on us which is claimed by social scientists, then our church leaders would do well to contemplate the effects of this television silence on a growing television generation. If the church, by and large, is overlooked by television programmers, will this not be increasingly true also for the masses whose minds are molded by television? Do we not have the right to look to our church leaders to begin devoting our resources to remedying this situation?

Now for some suggestions:

December 17, 7-7:30 p.m., EST, on CBS—*How the Grinch Stole Christmas*.

December 19, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Christmas Memory*, by Truman Capote (repeat).

December 22, 10-11 p.m., EST, on NBC—*The Negro G. I. in Viet Nam*.

December 23, 9:30-10:30 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Silent Night*.

December 24, 7-8 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Christ Is Born*.

December 24, 11:30 p.m.-12:30 a.m., EST, on ABC—*The Shepherds Play*, premiere of John La Montaine's opera from Washington (D.C.) Cathedral.

December 27, 9-10 p.m., EST, on NBC—Kraft Music Hall presents musical satire revue of '67, written by and starring Woody Allen.

December 28, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Year End Review*.

December 31, 10-11 a.m., EST, on CBS—*Religious News Round-Up*.

December 31, 6-7 p.m., EST, on CBS—*The Importance of Being Oscar* (Part I). January 7—Part II.

January 11, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Great Explorations*, with John Glenn. □

after the close of the General Conference in Dallas, Texas, when overall union of the two denominations becomes fact. Thus, the German action will be one of the first unions of structure at a regional level.

The unification of 53,000 Methodists and 25,000 EUBs will make the united church one of the largest free (nonstate) churches in Germany. There are Methodists and EUBs in both West and East Germany.

The publishing operations are already unified. The Methodists moved their publishing operations from Frankfurt to the EUB publishing house in Stuttgart and elected the head of EUB publishing in Germany to the Methodist board of publications to replace a recently deceased Methodist publisher.

Project Choice: Citizen Education in 30 Cities

Project Choice is a massive new citizen-education program to help persons understand and make intelligent responses to domestic and international crises.

Sponsored by the National Council of Churches, Project Choice has the backing of 25 organizations and is expected to involve 5 million Americans in several thousand discussion groups in 30 cities. In November, the groups watched and discussed a series of *Look Up and Live* television programs.

According to Dr. R. H. Edwin Espy, NCC general secretary, participants are "confronted by a broad, often disturbing and bewildering, spectrum of hard-core information about the way things stand with mankind in this second half of the 20th century. Project Choice is undertaken in the conviction that informed, concerned, and thoughtful citizens can change the world."

Some of the specific topics for Project Choice discussions are: growing poverty in America, waves of social disorder, the widening gap between rich and poor nations, world hunger, educational needs in a crisis society, chemical and electronic brain control, and technological impact on human evolution.

Judicial Council Decision Furthers Central Abolition

Methodism's "supreme court" has paved the way for eliminating all but three annual conferences of the all-Negro Central Jurisdiction (CJ).

Meeting in Minneapolis, where it rendered its 250th decision since 1940, the denomination's Judicial Council ruled that constitutional requirements have been met to permit the transfer of 9 of the 12 remaining

CJ conferences into the Southeastern and South Central Jurisdictions. The decision also authorizes merger of the transferring units with the geographical annual conferences they overlap.

The judicial body held that the transfers and mergers would become effective upon announcement by the Colleges of Bishops of the affected jurisdictions. Involved are about 1,350 churches with 144,300 members in Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, and Oklahoma.

Three annual conferences remaining in the Central Jurisdiction—Georgia, South Carolina, and Tennessee-Kentucky—do so by virtue of failing to approve Omnibus Resolutions voted on churchwide last summer to eliminate the Central Jurisdiction. The three automatically will be assigned to the Southeastern Jurisdiction when The United Methodist Church comes into being through union of the Evangelical United Brethren and Method-

ist denominations in April at Dallas.

In a related decision, the Judicial Council ruled that General and Jurisdictional Conference delegates from the nine transferring Negro conferences will continue to be delegates representing conferences with which they have been merged.

Reaffirming an earlier decision, the nine-man body held that the "12-year rule" in the Constitution of the United Church applies to Central Jurisdiction as well as former EUB conferences, but cannot be used to block their integration with geographically constituted units.

Methodists, Catholics Talk Theological Turkey

Exploration of "much common ground" amid serious differences resulted from the first formal talks between Methodists and Roman Catholics on a worldwide level.

Nine representatives each of the

World Methodist Council and the Roman Catholic Church met at Ariccia, Italy, in October. On parting, they agreed to continue ecumenical dialogue at a 1968 session on the eucharist and on the authority and ministry of the church.

In the meantime, they will urge their parent bodies to take steps toward the general aims of fostering "conditions favorable to the growth of Christian unity," ensuring that results of the consultation are fully shared by the respective communions at large and ensuring that "the consultation shall be related to the life and problems of the day."

The problem of interfaith marriages was discussed as one of the major obstacles to ecumenical progress. On a positive note, however, the consultation recorded satisfaction at the joint publication, in the U.S. and Ireland, of John Wesley's *Letter to a Roman Catholic*.

The Methodist delegation from four

Church in Society: Strategy for Radical Action

STRATEGIES THAT WILL shock many churchmen were proposed to meet crucial problems of modern society at a National Council of Churches Conference on Church and Society held in Detroit late in October.

Aware of a growing division within American churches between a segment of the leadership and a substantial number of laymen and pastors, this conference nevertheless sought to confront thorny political problems and to devise strategies that could be recommended to churchmen. The resulting proposals from 700 participants and 30 separate work groups represent extreme approaches certain to excite some even as they distress others. The conference was designed to speak to the NCC churches, and did not represent any attempt to speak for them.

One work group proposed that the churches say "no" to any further escalation of the Viet Nam war. Escalation was defined as any one of the following actions: use of nuclear weapons; invasion of North Viet Nam; intentional direct military offensive action against China; or the bombing of the Red River dikes in North Viet Nam.

If any one of these steps is taken, the work group proposed, American churches should call for a nationwide strike among church members, asking them "to close their businesses and industries, their transportation facilities and schools for one full day, calling upon all sympathetic citizens to join in this action."

Such a suggestion is not likely to be received with universal enthusiasm in local churches, not even among those who oppose the war. But the tactics do suggest the depth of despair delegates felt over our present foreign policy.

Additional suggestions on Viet Nam include one that churches divest themselves of any stock in companies involved in war activities. A minority report from one work group called for abolition of the draft, boycotts of consumer products made by producers of war materials, and active opposition to the present draft program.

Strong objections were voiced to involvement of U.S. universities in research for military purposes. The NCC was asked to investigate "campus complicity" in the mili-

tary-industrial-science power complex and to expose and block "chemical-biological research." At the same time, another group noted, American higher education has been lax in fostering international studies and research on life-giving drugs, in comparison with their contributions to war strategy and technology.

Concern also was voiced over manipulation of the public by mass media. The church was urged to report and analyze deceptive advertising.

Another group called for "encouragement of therapeutic rather than punitive emphasis in dealing with the illegal use of drugs, especially by the youthful experimenter..."

Looking fearfully at Viet Nam, one group warned against a U.S. foreign policy "preoccupied with communism," insisting that such a policy could lead us into continual military resistance to revolutions in various emerging countries. One speaker, Methodist clergyman Emilio Castro of Montevideo, Uruguay, told a press conference that "all armies in Latin America are totally dependent on the United States. In my own country there is not one cent in the budget for arms. All of our arms come as gifts from the United States."

Participants acknowledged that this preoccupation with communism as a "monolithic" enemy has severely hampered U.S. chances of encouraging oppressed societies to overthrow political systems that are antidemocratic. Evidence of this obsession, conferees suggested, is seen in charges that Communists caused our urban riots, as well as in our unwillingness to support or permit uprisings in other lands when we suspect any "communist involvement."

How many church members actually agree with this concern is not clear, nor is it clear that even those who do agree would be willing to support the particular strategies proposed at this conference. But the suggestions have been made, and they should stir lively debates in local and regional church gatherings.

—JAMES M. WALL

nations was headed by Bishop Odd Hagen of Stockholm, Sweden, and included three U.S. Methodists: Dr. William R. Cannon of Candler School of Theology in Atlanta; Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Columbus, Ohio; and Dr. Lee F. Tuttle of Lake Junaluska, N.C. Among six papers presented were those of Bishop Fred P. Corson of Philadelphia and Dr. Albert C. Outler of Perkins School of Theology in Dallas.

In Rome, meanwhile, five Methodist laymen were participating in the Third World Congress of the Lay Apostolate, which attracted some 2,500 Roman Catholic delegates and 85 Protestant and Orthodox observers.

Dr. Robert G. Mayfield, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Lay Activities and one of three U.S. Methodists present, noted in the congress a strong ferment among the laity to share in church decision making and responsibility, a "critical approach to the Catholic hierarchy in their lack of worldly experience," and a tension between clergy and laity.

Dr. Charles C. Parlin, president of the World Council of Churches and another U.S. Methodist on the scene, said Protestants were free not only to participate fully in the world congress but also to preside over some sections. Dr. Parlin's expressed hope that Catholics could be intimately involved in the 1968 WCC Assembly at Uppsala, Sweden, was warmly applauded by other non-Catholic observers.

White Churches Urged To Affirm Black Power

A group of militant Negro churchmen has called on white churches to affirm the legitimacy of the Black Power movement and "be open to the Word that God is speaking to us through the issues it raises."

The statement was developed at a recent Conference on Churches and Urban Tension sponsored by the National Council of Churches. About 100 Negro and white clergy and laymen representing 17 denominations met in racially separate caucuses and voted joint endorsement of their positions.

The terse white-caucus statement declared that the white church is a racist church and said "whites must seek a way to transform themselves or we will constitute an apartheid society." They pledged to work with black people for the transformation of American society where possible, but to work separately if necessary.

The lengthy, more specific declaration of the Negro group acknowledged the contributions of white churches to social justice, but warned that "the very structures, forms, and priorities"

of the church are being questioned. Racial justice, it stated, can no longer be considered just another cause to be pursued by a few while the church does business as usual.

The Negroes' statement recommended that white churches declare a three-year moratorium on suburban new-church development, and channel the funds into people-centered ministries in both black and white communities.

It further urged the establishment of freedom schools to offset the abuse and neglect of a white-dominated public-school system, a massive financial effort to support Negro self-determination, and "the removal of all images which suggest that God is white."

Speaking to Negro churchmen in predominantly white churches, the statement insisted: "Either find ways of exercising a high degree of influence over structures of those churches or return home to the Black expression of religion."

Missionaries Forced Out, But Angola Church Grows

Despite the fact that Methodist missionaries in the Portuguese African colony of Angola have dropped from 45 in 1961 to 2 in 1967, Methodism there continues to grow.

Recent press reports have told of similar sharp reductions in all foreign missionaries serving in Angola since the African nationalist movement started.

However, Dr. Juel Nordby, Methodist Board of Missions executive secretary for Africa and a former missionary to Angola, reports that church attendance is up, new congregations are

being organized, and Africans have assumed key leadership posts.

While he acknowledges that the number of foreign missionaries in the country has been cut drastically by Portugal's refusal to grant them entry visas, Dr. Nordby insists that the present strength and viability of the church and its future potential for mission are not dependent on the number of missionaries serving there.

"The task of the church is becoming more and more difficult," the missionaries executive said in summary. "Suffering and persecution is not a possible future but a daily reality . . ."

Students of 26 Nations On Crusade Scholarships

The Methodist Church is currently sponsoring 100 students from 26 countries as a part of the 1967-68 Crusade Scholarship program.

This year's scholars include 62 who are studying in the United States and Puerto Rico, 14 who are doing graduate study in 11 countries overseas, and 24 in an African undergraduate training program.

The purpose of the program is to train qualified students from the U.S. and other countries for leadership in the church, business, the professions, and other fields. Most have returned to their homelands to become outstanding in the church and in secular endeavors.

The Crusade Scholarship program is administered by the national Crusade Scholarship Committee of The Methodist Church, comprised of representatives of three national Methodist agencies—the Boards of Missions and Education, and the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation.

Methodists in the News

Dr. J. Wesley Robb, associate dean of humanities and professor of religion at the University of Southern California, elected national president of the American Academy of Religion, the association of 2,500 teachers of religion in institutions of higher education in the U.S. and Canada.

Among newly elected presidents at Methodist-related colleges: Dr. William M. Pearce of Texas Wesleyan College in Fort Worth, Texas; Dr. Richard P. Bailey of Minnesota's Hamline University; and Dr. Allen K. Jackson, of Huntingdon College in Montgomery, Ala.

Two active Methodist leaders, Sen. John E. Mathews, Jr., of Jacksonville, and Rep. Robert T. Mann of Tampa,

were selected Florida's "most valuable" state legislators by editors of Florida daily newspapers and legislative correspondents.

Bishop Reuben H. Mueller of Indianapolis, president of the Board of Bishops of the Evangelical United Brethren Church, awarded the 1967 *Upper Room* Citation for "distinguished contribution to world Christian fellowship."

DEATHS: Dr. Claud D. Nelson, 78, Methodist minister for 40 years and widely known ecumenical leader who was the only Protestant to observe all four sessions of the Second Vatican Council. . . . Mrs. Huldah Chapin Henley, 59, wife of Bishop James W. Henley of the Florida Area.

The Great Depression

REMEMBER WHEN the beginning of a new year was marked by a great surge of hope, good intention, and general optimism?

Don't count on seeing a lot of that this January 1. The year just past was bleak, indeed, packed with stalemates, discouragements, and outright losses on the larger problems that threaten us. If 1966 was, in the words of one observer, a season of lost laughter, then 1967 qualified as the year of lost hope. The signs were everywhere: optimists became uncertain; the uncertain became pessimistic, and pessimists became fatalists, resigned to whatever adversities the future might bring.

Dr. Harvey Cox summed up America's psychic health in a keynote speech to the U.S. Conference on Church and Society [see news report on page 15]:

"The mood in America today," he said, "is an apocalyptic one. Many believe that our destruction as a people is now inevitable. . . . Historians of religion tell us that the apocalyptic mood emerges when man's confidence in the future and his capacity to cope with it crack under the strain of circumstance, when each alternative seems as bad as the next and the very grounds for choice seem to split open and cave in.

"This is certainly our mood. Rarely if ever in the history of the republic have so many citizens lost hope that their voices would be heeded, their grievances redressed. Rarely if ever have men of different skin pigmentation glared at each other with such corrosive distrust. Rarely if ever has a war so divided and embittered us. Rarely has our hunger for leadership been fed with such mediocre Pabulum and our duty to make difficult choices avoided with such platitudes."

There is no challenging Dr. Cox's basic thesis, for those of every ideology, every political stripe, agree that this is a time of anguished uncertainty. The larger question, however, is, *What does this mean for the future?*

First, it means that *change must come*. Obviously the ways of the past are not sufficient for the future for they have brought us to the present crisis. Dr. James T. Laney has said: "Violence is not simply the cry of hopelessness and despair. It is the cry of the pain of awareness, the awareness that something could be done, but isn't." So the inequities and inconsistencies built into or at least tolerated by the present structures of our society simply will not be tolerated any longer.

Second, however, *our present mood hampers our ability to make sound decisions*. Anyone who has taken a lifesaving course knows that the greatest danger to the rescuer comes from the swimmer he is trying to help, who may grab him with a stranglehold that pulls both under. As Alan Paton has said, "When men are ruled by fear, they strive to prevent the very changes that will abate it."

In recent months, there has been ample evidence of irrational response born of uncertainty and fear: senseless beatings of peaceful demonstrators by fed-

eral and local law officers and even university policemen; inflamed appeals for law and order at any cost, even the cost of justice and human dignity; and massive and callous inaction by the Congress on social legislation—cheered, of course, by fearful constituents. As Daniel Moynihan said after last summer's urban riots, "The mood in Washington is that 'we can't do anything; therefore, we *won't* do anything; therefore, we *should not* do anything!'"

The paradox is that change, even massive change, is possible in an enlightened democracy. Remember the New Deal of the early 1930s? It was a revolutionary response to crisis, and it worked. Again today, change is inevitable; the old way simply cannot continue. But will we encourage the change to come peacefully, which means it must come soon? Or will we fight it, using force if that is required for suppression, until we run the risk of fostering a violent revolution that may tear apart the whole social order?

There is only one rational answer, of course. But if some act irrationally out of fear, particularly fear of change, others give them influence out of proportion to their number by indecision and inaction. This has been called an "age of passive consent"—a time when things will happen unless we decide to stop them. As Harvey Cox puts it, "Not to decide is to decide."

None of us, then, can beg off on at least some responsibility for the present fix. Some people, of course, say they won't accept any responsibility, that the problems are someone else's. But deep down, perhaps only subconsciously, nearly everyone feels some guilt about most of our problems—the standoff in race relations, for instance. And the combination of fear, uncertainty, and guilt is almost sure to cause the irrationality and paralysis so prevalent today.

But how do we get out of the bind? Harvey Cox addressed himself to this question, too, in his remarks to the Church and Society Conference.

"The mood of apocalypse curdles quickly into fatalism and defeatism," he declared. "It cuts the nerve of hope and reduces any people to jangled paralysis or feverish twitching. . . .

"Perhaps the most important thing our faith has to say to us today is simply, 'It is not too late, not yet, not *quite* yet.' It is a word of utter urgency but not of mindless panic."

For the man of faith, then, hope always is present. In fact, said Dr. Cox, "for Christians it is *heresy* to say anything is inevitable."

Where does this leave us today? Confused, yes; uncertain, surely; possessed of easy answers, no. But for the man of faith, there is at least the promise of hope—a hope personified in the birth of the Christ child. It is this which can give us the courage to persist in the face of discouragement, the determination to bend the course of history and shape the future for the benefit of all men. To do less is a surrender to unfaith.

It is all we can count on, but it is more than enough to sustain us.

—YOUR EDITORS



DIVORCE

Churches traditionally have responded with a pious "Never!" That is changing, however, as Christians accept greater responsibility for helping those snared in marital crisis. The goal is twofold: to save those marriages worth saving and to teach the values of family life.

By J. C. WYNN
Director of Studies
Colgate Rochester Divinity School

THE EGYPTIANS have a distinction which they would probably like to live down. It is their nation alone which prevents the USA from having what so many people erroneously suppose we do have: the earth's highest divorce rate. We're only No. 2, as they say in the auto-rental business. Yet, our current yearly record of more than 400,000 divorce decrees (about 9½ divorces for every 1,000 married couples in any one year) is both impressive and depressing.

Divorce does not occur simply at random. It is more likely to occur in the early years of marriage. Our divorce rate is at its highest in the third year

after the wedding; thereafter, it gradually falls off.

By the end of the 6th year, nearly 12 percent of all marriages are broken by divorce; by the 15th year the number has risen to 19 percent. And another 6 percent remain to be broken by divorce decree in the years to follow. In the past decade, some 8 million Americans have been awarded divorce decrees. Even the Egyptians might be impressed by the number.

What Causes Divorce?

Although there is no one cause for divorce, several typical problems of personal inadequacy continuously

erop up in divorce cases, psychiatrists have found:

- *Some persons are "divorce prone."* They tend to continue in and out of marriage after marriage. Psychiatrist Edmund Bergler believes that divorce proneness is the product of neurosis determined in childhood. It carries on into adult life, into marital relations, and thence to the divorce court. The pattern is repeated with monotonous regularity, seen in case after case.

- *Some men and women evidently are not the "marrying kind."* Jessie Bernard, author of *Remarriage—a Study of Marriage*, identifies such persons as those who have neither the interests nor the values essential to the establishment and the maintenance of marriage. The responsibilities of home and hearth seem too heavy for them. They may try to learn from the experience of marriage itself, but the lessons apparently just don't take.

- *Other couples simply can't get along with each other.* They may not be suffering from any neurosis; and they both may have the necessary talents suited for nuptial and parental obligations, yet be mismated to one another. Such misalliances, despite our dating and courtship patterns, can develop between persons who had thought they had chosen wisely and sufficiently known each other through engagement. Often their second marriages turn out quite successfully.

- *The emotionally immature have a hard time in marriage because it requires so much maturity.* Those who marry too young, those who marry hastily, those who enter into the relationship with insufficient appreciation of its seriousness or with no real intention of fulfilling its responsibility—these have laid the preparations for a difficult marriage and perhaps divorce. In later maturity, such persons can resent not only each other and their circumstances but also their own previous history. "Why should a 16-year-old kid have made my decision about marriage for all time?" a rueful man of 48 now asks.

- *Not all couples possess the staying power marriage requires.* Many couples begin marriage in a quite promising manner. They apparently have "marital aptitude." But despite this auspicious start, the relationship begins to sag. Their communication founders and they wonder vaguely what is happening. Each turns by way of compensation to other interests, not necessarily to other love partners.

Increasingly, the two people in this situation may find that they do not speak the same language, that differences in their backgrounds which they once minimized now turn out to be more important than they had dreamed, that external interferences from family and work loom larger than they had ever expected. They so lose touch with one another that they have neither the heart to work at the marriage nor the courage to seek outside assistance.

- *Brinkmanship, the term once coined for risk taking in international relations, also can imperil marriages.* Some couples live constantly and dangerously near the edge of breaking up, threatening and taking undue chances with each other, and generally allowing their relationship to fall into disrepair.

The hurt pride that leads prematurely to the attorney's office, the impatience with each other that too easily discourages emotionally immature couples, the unalloyed anger that exaggerates the importance of any slight or infraction—these make for brinkmanship and can wreck a marriage. A therapeutic corrective to such folly is marital diplomacy. Those who practice such diplomatic relations seldom appear in divorce courts, except perhaps as stenotypists.

Other Contributing Factors

The growth of our cities has had a profound effect upon marriage and family living. Divorce, like delinquency, is significantly an urban phenomenon. The impersonal culture of our metropolitan life, the broad pluralism of interests and loyalties, the startling anonymity of relationships which are caused by urbanization—all have a negative bearing on marriage. With the strains of urban living complicated by the affluent sixties, the ways out of marriage actually have increased. People have the city to absorb them and the wherewithal to make the break.

A related point is the growing economic and social independence of woman. Her ascendency into new careers, better income, and wider opportunities has made her less dependent upon marriage for fulfillment and less entrapped in an unsatisfactory marriage if she contracts one.

Even the improvements in conveniences, services, and health can have a hard impact on marriage stability. Historically, family solidarity has depended upon family interdependence for necessities of life and growth. But consider the decline in family functions. Our homes no longer continue much growing, provisioning, and preserving of foods. Nor do they house much education, or recreation, or religious instruction. Nor are the advances of medical science incidental. Whereas at one time death intervened and ended some unhappy marriages before they broke, our new longevity prevents that statistical accident from lowering the divorce rate.

Mobility also has its profound influence on marriage and family living. Traveling jobs tend to separate man and wife for various periods of time and allow for misunderstandings to grow as well as for new and potentially damaging relationships to begin. Moving a residence from one city to another challenges some marriages with new adjustments and tensions. Moving up or down the class ladder can mean that one partner outgrows the other or can no longer share in the same interests that once drew them together.

Emotional Divorce

Not all marital failure is weighed in the courts. Millions of marriages in our country remain legally intact while psychologically sundered. Mr. and Mrs. they are in name, but in fact they live in a state of

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emotional divorce. They are as unhappy as couples who become divorced, yet continue to live under the same roof for any number of reasons—frequently “for the sake of the children.” They may even realize some perverse psychological reward by staying within a tense or punishing relationship. One partner, perhaps both, may be unwilling to pay the price of actual divorce, a price in readjustment, reputation, and reduced income.

Their life is characterized by separate bedrooms, monosyllabic conversation, and minimal association. To the public, even to their friends, these couples may appear to have normal marriages, so skilled have they become in covering their problems. Our conventions of society which allow husbands and wives to maintain independent interests and (as long as they remain witty) sarcastic interchanges may be more responsible than anything else for the continuation of this syndrome.

Another type of emotional divorce is found among those who are considering calling it quits but have not yet reached a decision. For a long time they shift uneasily between hope and hopelessness, between settling in again and telephoning the attorney.

This ambivalence may go on for months. One study discovered that the average divorcee had taken about 4½ months to make up her mind to go ahead with a divorce, and then had waited out another 3 months while filing the papers. In that period of 7½ months, a divorce has already begun to take place. The awful loneliness sets in. The depression and hopelessness close down. The persons involved may go through a period of grief nearly identical with that experienced after the death of a family member. Here, too, there is parting. Here, too, is to be found guilt, and the recurrent might-have-beens: If only I had . . . Perhaps if we had it to do over . . .

By the time the actual decree is handed down, much of the adjusting has been accomplished. The peak of emotional impact, many testify, came not at the time of the hearing but earlier at the realization that final separation had taken place. This confirms the allegation of some sociologists that divorce does not in and of itself destroy a marriage but that, more correctly, it writes a coroner's report for a marriage already dead.

Some couples continue to live together in an uneasy truce all their lives because divorce is more frightening to them than is unhappy marriage. They learn in time to put up with almost any indignity and alienation in their marital life because, to them, the court decree would be unthinkable. Not a few such persons are prominent leaders of community and nation. They may hold responsible professional positions. They also may carry unsuspected burdens of unhappiness and a deep sense of failure. But they keep going, and they keep up a front—sometimes with courage, sometimes out of fear.

After Divorce

To some persons, divorce may constitute an actual solution rather than a problem. This fact is difficult for some churchmen to swallow. So long have the

divorced been regarded as selfish or failures or lacking in moral strength that it may be difficult to imagine that this decision could represent an answer to a problem. Instead of classifying divorce as family disorganization for such persons, family disorganization may be exactly what they have overcome by this step.

But even if divorce produces a solution for some problems, it is a lonely one. Loneliness is partly the result of the situation. Persons who are divorced are no longer invited to the couples' events they once frequented, and they tend to be the loners at dinner parties.

Loneliness may also be the product of choice; divorced women, for example, seek out the city to gain its advantages of anonymity and to be free of prying eyes. Sometimes they cut off many of their old connections in order to build life anew.

These persons are entering into a new and complicated process of dividing a family and reconstructing personalities. Not only must they encounter disapproval of relatives and friends, they also must confront new images of themselves with feelings about purpose, about their abilities, their conduct, their work, their social life and economics. Almost every aspect of life is retouched by this experience. Often both persons in a divorce will be forced to reduce their standard of living. They both also may have to find new places to live, new jobs, perhaps new friends.

There are other heartaches. Divorce agreements are seldom kept. Support payments lapse; visiting arrangements are violated. Divorcees often feel they are victimized by persons around them. Women, for instance, may cry, “Do men suppose that all I'm good for now is to take to bed?” The relief that divorce supposedly offers is often reduced by the experiences that follow. If premarital counseling is advised for young couples, then certainly divorce counseling is at least as important in its own way.

Most divorced persons later remarry; they tend to marry other divorced persons. Nearly 80 percent of divorced men marry again, and about 71 percent of divorced women do, most of them within five years. The majority of these new marriages are enduring unions, some three out of five succeeding.

Many are able to develop a new capacity for marriage. They have demonstrated that they need not fail again. When the formerly mismated find appropriate marriage partners, and more particularly when their maturer approach to matrimony allows for more understanding forgiveness of one another and a greater intention to work at the relationship, their second experiences can turn out well.

Some pitfalls remain. The troubled person will probably take his problems with him into a new marriage. The unrealistic person may assume that his or her problems are solved in what the popular song calls “the second time around.” A repetition compulsion in some people drives them back to recapitulate their inappropriate answer to previous needs. Thus the dependent son of a domineering mother may marry a domineering woman and divorce her only to marry still another one soon after. Such a man believes that

he wants and needs someone far different the next time; yet unconscious drives may compel him into a renewed relationship of the same fated sort. Any marriage on the emotional rebound is in risk of imminent failure.

To make a second marriage succeed may demand more concentration and wider adjustments than a first. There will be more complicated financial problems, social connections to work out, new and old in-laws to sort out, chance encounters with one's former mate, and the censorious attitudes of society. And then, in nearly half of all remarriages of the divorced, there are the children.

Children of Divorce

Time was when children were numbered in only a small percentage of divorce cases. But now, nearly half of all cases (45 to 48 percent) includes families with children under 18 years of age. A third of a million children are the subject of custody arrangements in divorce courts each year. Fully one eighth of all children in the United States do not now live with both their parents.

Divorcing parents must be prepared to explain the divorce to the children not just once but many times, warns Louise Despert, author of *Children of Divorce*, a study of youngsters whose parents are legally separated. Children need to hear over and over the explanation of this rift so that they can absorb it and realize that parents have survived it.

The manner in which the story is told will be as important as the wording. Mrs. Despert's suggestion is that the parents assume the child already realizes there has been trouble and that they tell him simply about the decision to separate so as to relieve some anxiety. They can acknowledge that parents have troubles, too, and that they can make mistakes, a truism the child would have had to face sometime in any case.

A child, moreover, needs assurance that he is not to blame for the split-up. All too easily he is likely to feel guilt over the angry words he has heard and may bear to heart imagined or imputed culpability. Above all, for his security, the child must have assurance that his parents love him despite their own problems.

Security will loom as an even more important reference point for the child than before. If familiar surroundings can be maintained for his sake—the same home if economically possible, or at least the same neighborhood with its important Cub Scout Pack or social set—then some of the pain of the occasion will be borne more effectively.

Since most custody decisions leave children with their mother, visiting arrangements for the father become strategically important. Now it is that father, whatever his previous standing, becomes something of an outsider. Visiting rights he has; but they are incidental to a relationship whose nature has changed.

His visits and trips with the children may become disruptive, and the divorced family needs great patience to work through these encounters.

Meanwhile, mother's role is of unusual import now

that, in a sense, she serves at times for both parents. For her to wrap her life around that of her children or to devote excessive time to their attention may be misplaced compassion. Children need a mother who is carrying on as normal a life as possible, with adult contacts and interests beyond her home.

Readjustment after a divorce will be a trying time in any household. The children are caught in a situation not of their own making. They experience withdrawal of security while their parents' own guilt and concern leave little emotional energy to assist youngsters. Some emotional disturbances in a divorcing home can be more difficult than those in a home cut by death. Problems of relationship now aggravated by disputes, compounded by the occasional reappearance of a parent from whom the child was told he would be separated, make for unusual strains.

The Law and Divorce

Marriage counselors and lawyers mutually deplore the courts' unfortunate influence on divorce. In all but a few states, divorce litigation is still founded on the hoary marital-offenses concept of English common law. It requires a bitter contest between husband and wife. One (the plaintiff) sues for a divorce. The other, whether contesting the divorce action or not, is known as the defendant—the same term used for the accused in a criminal case. This adversary setting is clear in the very designation of the case, for instance, John Doe *versus* Jane Doe. The same word is employed in posters advertising boxing matches.

Adversary action, in fact, marks all but a small minority of divorce cases. The venomous, vituperative, vengeful testimony at many divorce trials marks an invidious contrast with the loving language the man and wife presumably once used with one another. Divorce action brings out the worst in persons and calls forth incredible acrimony, partly because of the basic trust that earlier characterized (or should have characterized) the relationship. Whenever such trust is betrayed, relationships can become as deeply hateful as they once were deeply affectionate. Damaging though this procedure is to the litigants, their children, and the community, reform in the adversary litigation of our court system has been slow.

Occasionally something different happens, though. Divorcing husbands and wives themselves have arrived at little adjustments to alleviate the horror of our divorce courts. Out of all the grounds (that is, admissible evidence) for divorce, couples generally tend to agree to cite the least damaging. Three fifths of all divorces in our country are granted on grounds of something vaguely known as *cruelty*, whatever the actual breaking point of the marriage may have been. Approximately a fifth more allege *desertion* as the grounds for divorce. All other grounds are crowded into the remaining fifth of the total.

Altogether, America's states allow for a total of 28 different grounds for divorce. In addition to cruelty and desertion, these include adultery, habitual drunkenness, nonsupport, and voluntary separation for some specified period of years.

Although all 50 states grant divorce, and although

their various matrimonial laws have some features in common, they differ in significant details. *Domicile* is one such detail, and an important one it has turned out to be. Domicile relates to the geographic jurisdiction of a court, that enables that court to judge cases of persons who qualify as residents of the district where it is located. Put baldly, you cannot sue for divorce in any state where you do not have legal residence.

Yet, if a woman ardently wants a divorce on grounds less stringent than her own state allows, or wants relief from her marriage sooner than she might expect it at home, she might change her legal residence to a state whose legislation is more favorable to her suit. Exactly this rationale has made for a sizable divorce industry in Nevada and in other areas that allow for minimal residence in order to qualify for divorce.

New: Family Courts

Although laws regarding divorce are generally harsh, courts are looking for new ways to help those involved in divorce proceedings. Some improvement in the adversary system has been begun through the gradual spread of family courts in New York, Rhode Island, Lucas County in Ohio, and Los Angeles, Calif. Although they are new and need improvement, these courts go a long way in reducing the malice of divorce procedures, in keeping an often tragic experience reasonable, and in concentrating on the purpose of helping persons rather than establishing fault.

The theory that more truth will come out of a court case if the parties are pitted *against* each other has not been proven in divorce cases. In fact, the stigma left by this process has worked against the need for families to resume normal living and to reorganize their situation.

Family courts have instituted a counseling service for those caught in the breakup of marriage, a service that not only saves some marriages but also humanizes the proceedings of those that are dissolved. Court-appointed counselors interview husbands and wives and attempt to help them work out differences or necessary arrangements for settlement with amity.

Family courts provide for humane and ingenious measures unimagined in ordinary divorce litigation. The Los Angeles conciliation service offers optional counseling and the possibility of working through a written agreement of understanding. The Lucas County court in Ohio features obligatory counseling for every case. Sometimes counselors advise a cooling-off period before proceeding further. In such a period, a man can investigate the anticipated problems of financing two households, of meeting the emotional needs of postdivorce years, or arrangements for the children, of loneliness.

One husband, planning divorce, was prevailed upon to search through these questions and ended by saying, "Before I sink great quantities of my time, energies, emotions, and money into breaking up my home, I'm going to see if a similar investment, made now, can help to keep it together. Divorce is hard work; and while I still have the chance, I would rather work hard at living with a marriage."

The Church and Divorce

Theological and theoretical teachings about marriage and divorce have included the sacramental view of Catholics based on natural law, the biblical view of Protestants, and the contextual view of many within both branches of Christianity and not a few outside. Catholics tend to disallow divorce, Protestants make it difficult, and contextualists (gaining some influence from psychotherapy) consider divorce within "situation ethics."

Despite the theoretical framework of these several traditions, they have begun at points to run together and to affect one another. And the points of difference appear far smaller in the practical end than in the theoretical explanation. Thus we find less disagreement among church bodies than we might expect.

With the influence of secularization on churches, the guidance of many denominations in matters of marriage and divorce shows increasing harmony with our times and even our law. A once rigorous insistence that only the innocent party in an adulterous marriage could seek remarriage after divorce has largely lapsed.

Marriages can be broken by greater offenses than an act of adultery, we now are realizing. Repeated instances of brutality, immoral acts involving the children, and unfaithfulness without sexual infidelity also can destroy a marriage. Thus churches have tended recently to revise their canons and constitutions to take account of the need for forgiveness in both members of a broken marriage.¹

Establishing stronger marriages to begin with will reduce marital failure and tragedy. It is here the churches can have a large role for they have possibilities they do not adequately utilize. For instance, the peak years of divorce occur in the earliest years of marriage wherein church-education efforts might be applied (but seldom are) to assist newlyweds in their adjustments. Even if we had as much educational activity at this stage as we now have in premarital education—a modest enough bit—we would alleviate some of our record of marital failure. If our churches were more concerned with aiding first marriages, we might have less reason to be troubled about remarriage.

Churches have become noticeably more realistic about marriage and divorce, a trend noted both in attitude and in responsibility. No longer as frenetic about divorce itself, churches and churchmen are showing increased concern for the persons caught in marital crisis. Their objective is not only to save marriages but also to save human values of family life. With such an objective goes a corollary: sometimes a marriage might be saved, but at too great a cost.

This new stress upon marriage as a structure can emphasize reconciliation, rather than legalism. This awakens our concern not only about marriage and divorce as institutions but about the individual lives affected by marriage and divorce. □

¹ *The Methodist Discipline*, 1964, recognizes that divorce is not the answer to marital problems, but symptomatic of them. Therefore, "we are obligated to aid, by counsel, persons who have experienced broken marriage, to guide them so that they may make satisfactory adjustments, and to surround them with the love and fellowship of the Church." (Paragraph 1821.3.d.)—Editors

America's **Animal** Ambassadors

By LOUIS ANTOSH

THE arrival has always been impressive.

Appearing first as a tiny flaw in the far sky, the potbellied cargo plane thunders closer, closer, and closer until it finally eases onto the landing strip. Soon the hatch is opened and the VIPs are led down the ramp to where the trucks are waiting.

These VIPs are not distinguished world leaders but Very Important Passengers . . . purebred heifers, Duroc hogs, and a few goats.

"I thought it was something like the moment right after the biblical flood when the animals started coming out to fill the new world," said one Greek churchman after witnessing a shipment from America.

For 23 years, Heifer Project, Inc., (HPI) has been sending such "flying arks" from America to all parts of the world in a practical, if undramatic, approach to the world hunger crisis.

Since its inception in 1944, HPI has sent over 1 million animals to nations near and far. The original policy was a simple one: the recipient of an animal was to promise to give the creature proper care and to give the first female offspring to another needy family.

Consider what the offspring of 1 million animals has meant to a hungry world!

But HPI goes beyond the simple act of giving someone an animal and teaching him proper handling. Now there is emphasis on development of feed sources, crossbreeding, and artificial insemination, along with programs in animal husbandry and agricultural methods.

Heifer Project today has swelled from a small operation begun by the Church of the Brethren to a

million-dollar a year project supported by various churches, agricultural, and service organizations, countless individuals, and the United States government. It has become a formidable opponent of hunger and poverty in many parts of the world.

Hard work and financial contributions strengthen Heifer Project, but the "multiplier effect" remains

a primary factor in its success. This effect was demonstrated by Hugo Kather, a German farmer who in 1957 received his Holstein heifer in the "flying ark" program.

Kather's heifer had produced nine calves as of late 1966. Equally important, the animal gave an average of 1,100 gallons of milk a year for 10 years.

But we see only the top of the



Back to earth again, these Brown Swiss heifers leave their "Flying Ark" at Santa Cruz, Bolivia. They were donated to the project by Illinois Methodists.

iceberg. By now, the original heifer is more than a mother eight times over; she is a great-grandmother with about 50 descendants. If half of these were heifers, the cumulative milk production would be approximately 325,000 pounds, or enough for 175 children to have a cup of milk every day for 10 years.

Although the number of persons actually aided by HPI cannot be estimated, some indication can be gathered from Korea, one of many countries benefitting through HPI.

Perhaps half of the 12 million chickens in Korea today are descended from a quarter million hatching eggs sent there in 1952 by HPI. Around 30 percent of the dairy cattle in that country are Heifer Project animals or their descendants. A large portion of Korean honey comes from Heifer Project bees.

The human aspect of the project comes clear in one letter from a Korean who wrote "with great honor and deep gratitude because you are benefactors who have finally caused my 10-years-long cherished desire of possessing milking cows to bear fruit. The milk supply for our babies and the little children can be said to constitute their lifeline."

The executive director of HPI is Thurl Metzger, who works out of the North Manchester, Ind., office—one of HPI's two national headquarters.

Metzger believes mankind is rapidly losing the race to keep food production in line with population increases.

"The problem is so serious as to threaten world peace," he declares. "We must feed the hungry before they are tempted by offers of those hostile to our interests."

"Hunger is a problem that spans the whole of the human scene, from the individual striving to maintain a hold on existence to a whole country striving to keep at peace within itself and within a community of nations."

And yet, says the HPI director, "We cannot underestimate the importance of the fact that a simple gift of an animal may be the key that unlocks the door to a whole skyscraper of possibilities."

There are economic as well as

nutritional benefits to be derived from this simple gift.

In the small Mexican village of San Juan Jalpa, the 11-member Lopez family learned how one animal can change the lives of many humans.

A few years ago, the Lopezes huddled around the "living food package" which had come from America to their three-room adobe home. It was a healthy, milk-producing goat, accompanied by a Heifer Project representative who gave instructions on the care and feeding of the animal.

It wasn't long before the routine daily tasks of raising the prized possession became a family affair at the Lopez home. The children had the responsibility of feeding the animal and the goat responded by giving as much as three quarts a day when milked by the father.

It was the mother's duty to see that the children drank all the milk each day, since there was no refrigeration.

As the months and years passed, the Lopez children grew strong and healthy, each endowed with a sense of responsibility gained from the daily care of the animal. Señor Lopez was soon sitting upon a tractor while plowing his field, instead of following a mule through the crops. The machine was bought from the sale of the three male goats born to the original gift, and as a result production on the Lopez farm increased.

But the story does not end here. According to HPI tradition, the first female offspring was turned over by Señor Lopez to another needy family, and the cycle began once again. Thus, a man and his family are helped, but he in turn helps others. Such a system enables HPI to do its work without being hindered by the stigma of charity.

Early in 1967, Jack Woolner, a Massachusetts fish and game division official, took a trip on a "flying ark" to the Dominican Republic.

"Heifer Project animals are a means of helping these people establish stability," he observed on returning. "When you teach a man to care for an animal, you provide a completely different reference from what he has had in the past."

Woolner learned it is quite common in the Dominican Republic for a husband to walk out on his family because he feels he has no reason to stay.

"But you give a man an animal and you find he keeps it in good shape, has pride in his farm, even dresses up his house and yard."

"Now if a father walks out, he is leaving behind something important. He now has material things, and self-respect. Here is a mutual interest to hold a family together."

"It is my belief," he concludes, "that in Heifer Project there may be a higher return on the dollar than through any other charity."

The success stories of HPI are many and varied. Examples:

- For each \$350 donated to the Taejon Methodist Seminary in Korea, the seminary adds \$250 and obtains a heifer through HPI. Each animal makes it possible for two full scholarships to be given to men entering the seminary. The heifer is added to the seminary's dairy farm, which partially underwrites the institution's operations.

- In Santo Domingo, on an 80-acre farm once used for the racehorses of Dictator Trujillo, HPI helped establish five years ago a dairy training center where farmers too poor to buy a cow learn how to properly feed and care for one. When the two-week course is completed, the "graduation gift" is a heifer to take home.

- In Mississippi, where the plight of Negro farmers is similar to that of farmers in other underdeveloped parts of the world, hundreds of HPI cows are helping break the poverty cycle. The farmers have not only been helped economically, but an increase in voter registration in some areas is attributed in part to the arrival of the livestock.

In addition, Negro farmers have given away their animal's first female offspring, not only to other poor Negro farmers but to poor white farmers, and vice versa, thereby providing an unusual interracial bridge in that state.

From 1944 to 1966, HPI, along with its member agencies, sent out 13,422 cattle, 10,347 goats, 4,607 pigs, 2,840 sheep, 2,500 rabbits, 51 horses, 4,000 ducklings, 7,049 tur-

keys, 863,576 chicks, 334,597 hatching eggs, 25 burros, 100 keets (guinea fowl), 358 geese, 14 pigeons, and over 800 packages of bees (with 60,000 bees in each package.)

In 1966, shipments of livestock to 26 countries was valued at \$463,805.

To the Rev. Jerry L. Bedford, HPI director of development, the "image" of the organization as it is today is important. Mr. Bedford, a young Presbyterian minister, came to HPI almost two years ago and works out of HPI's Upper Darby office in suburban Philadelphia—the other national headquarters.

Mr. Bedford stresses the Heifer Project's crossbreeding programs, which enable thousands of farmers to upgrade native cattle and to triple and quadruple their production. Such programs have been successful in India, Thailand, and Iran. Added emphasis on reproduction centers and artificial insemination programs introduce quality breeding at minimum cost in countries where trained technicians, necessary equipment, and careful herd management exist.

HPI also contracts with the Peace Corps and the United States Agency for International Develop-

ment, and makes arrangements with agricultural missionaries, 4-H Clubs, farming schools, and ministries of agriculture to obtain personnel.

Livestock and feed programs are constantly being developed to make sure the areas involved can produce enough for the animals shipped.

"A relief shipment with HPI, of course, never meant just an animal and supplies," says Mr. Bedford. "We have always taken pains to see the animals will be kept in sanitary conditions and checks are constantly made.

"But," he adds, "we are now altering our aim and thrust even more toward the development aspect. For instance, our man in Mexico has come up with some very exciting proposals on how to get the area ready to accommodate animals so we can bring them in on a much larger scale."

In addition to help from various churches, Heifer Project is supported by groups such as the Future Farmers of America, 4-H Clubs, and Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs. The U.S. government pays much of the transportation costs.

One of the most generous supporters is the American Methodist community. The Methodist Com-

mittee for Overseas Relief, as a member agency, contributes about \$20,000 a year toward HPI operating costs. Another \$50,000 a year is donated by individual Methodists and their churches.

Methodist ministers on the HPI staff include Dr. Dillon W. Throckmorton, a former district superintendent, who is director of the western division. In India, HPI is represented by John Balis, a Methodist missionary who teaches at Allahabad Agricultural Institute. In Korea, Dean Sehowerdtdt, another Methodist missionary, directs the Union Christian Service center and represents the project.

In addition, Methodist agricultural missionaries on practically every continent receive support for their livestock projects.

Since joining HPI, Mr. Bedford has worked in his cramped Upper Darby office to spread the message of HPI, through newsletters, publicity brochures, and pamphlets. Unfortunately, many city dwellers have yet to learn of this organization with the agrarian title.

But in many nations throughout the world, Heifer Project's "flying arks" continue to provide the beginning of a new life for thousands of grateful people. □



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

The choir director was explaining some new Easter music.

"Tenors take it to the 'gates of hell' and then the rest of you come in," she directed.

—MRS. JOHN GUTHREY, Moravia, Iowa

My young daughter is a great procrastinator when it comes to doing household chores. It came as a surprise, therefore, to find her diligently working on a questionnaire she had just brought home

from church school. When she finished, I asked to see it.

One of the questions was, "If I could have one whole day to do just as I please, I would _____." Her answer was: "I would be surprised."

—MRS. LEO H. IRWIN, Washington, D.C.

The mother regularly quizzed her children on the Bible as they worked on household chores. But one evening, after a particularly trying day, she was easily annoyed. "All right," she asked loudly, "who left the light on in the den?"

Silence. Then her youngest piped, "Daniel?"

—MRS. FRED W. CLUTE, Anderson, Ind.

Mrs. Scott was telling an Old Testament story to her second-graders. "Lot's wife looked back and turned into—," she paused dramatically, "a pillar of salt!"

"Mrs. Scott!" Timmy waved his hand excitedly. "My mom did the same thing. She was driving me to school and she looked back and she turned into a telephone pole!"

—DEANNA MCWHIRT, Coahoma, Texas

The church-school teacher had prepared a lesson concerning the Sermon on the Mount for her eight-year-olds. To start things off she asked, "Where do you find the Beatitudes?"

Silence.

Finally one little girl asked helpfully, "Have you looked in the Yellow Pages?"

—THE REV. L. O. McDOWELL, Florence, Ala.

Remember those church-related jokes you heard the other day? Why not send the best one to TOGETHER? If we use it, you'll receive \$5. But we cannot return those not accepted, so no stamps, please.—EDS.

DON GREVE:

He Creates Jobs for the Jobless

WHEN DON GREVE was seven years old, he would run from school so the other children would not follow and see his home. He was glad when the Oklahoma corn grew tall enough to hide the sheet-metal shack, formerly a chicken house, where he lived alone with his mother. The boy was determined to escape that shack, the symbol of poverty and lack of self-respect.

When Don was nine, he got his first job as a helper for a school janitor, and by the time he was 11, he was jerking sodas in an Oklahoma City drugstore. Five years later he became acting manager of a hardware store. At 20, he was general manager of a home-furnishings store and became a full partner at 21. Under his direction, the store's annual sales increased from \$80,000 in 1954 to \$900,000 in 1962, the year he

became sole owner. Meanwhile, he had purchased a restaurant which he sold at a profit.

Many people had given Don Greve the opportunity to prove himself. As a result, he was more than successful by the time he was old enough to vote.

But the important thing had happened before then. It would shape his future career, overshadow his dazzling success in business, and make him unique in the world of commerce and industry.

At 16, he became a licensed supply pastor in The Methodist Church. And because he firmly believed he was his brother's keeper, he determined to do something about that—not only spiritually, but materially.

What could he do for others who, like him, needed opportunity, who had known poverty, who only needed a chance to gain pride and self-respect?

More jobs for still more people result from Don's Monday-morning staff meetings with business associates.



Plant and pulpit are not the same, yet both call for leadership and the application of Christian principles. At right, he talks with a uniformed Kiowa Indian machine operator at the Anadarko carpet mill. Don is known on a first-name basis by most employees.



In 1962, when he was 29, he found the answer. With a missionary friend, Don visited Anadarko, a town of some 6,000, southwest of Oklahoma City. Here he came face to face with the plight of an Indian population that had long been considered shiftless and unemployable, qualified only for welfare.

"Until then," Don says, "I suppose I had felt that because I had been poor but wasn't poor any longer, anyone could do what he wanted. After seeing those Indians close up, I wasn't so sure. They hadn't had the opportunities I had had. My mother had taught me that our only limitations were those we imposed on ourselves, but many Indians didn't have anyone teaching them that."

Why not start an industry in Anadarko, and offer jobs to the jobless? But what kind of industry?

Well, Indians, with their nimble fingers, keen eyesight, and color sense, might—just might—make ideal employees in a carpet mill!

So far, so good. But when Don told potential investors that he planned to hire Indians, Negroes, and jobless white people—and that it would take \$750,000 to get the project underway—potential investors "ran like seared rabbits."

Don persisted. After a year he finally got about \$550,000 together from the federal government's Area

Redevelopment Agency, an electrical co-operative, and the state, and from merchants and others in Anadarko. That left \$200,000 to be invested by Don himself and four other individuals.

Carpets began rolling from Sequoyah Carpet Mills in November, 1963. Today, the plant has grown to four times its original size and employs some 800 people, all but a few from Anadarko and nearby area.

Said Don Greve last winter: "We're selling now in excess of \$3½ million a month, and we're selling through 15,000 dealers across the country. From no organization at all, we have built one which is manufacturing and selling \$42 million worth of carpeting a year.

"To do this, we have simply applied God's laws and his principles in our business. First, we have done it in our relationship with our people. Second, we have done it in dealing with our customers."

But mass selling and superb salesmanship aren't the real story here. What really matters is people—the once forgotten men and women who move in and out, three shifts a day, from the bustling mill at Anadarko.

"I used to pray for something like this job," says one Indian employee. "Then I could take care of my family the way I always wanted to. . . ."

This man, like scores of others, had never held a



In wide demand as a speaker at both church and civic functions, Don flies to Vinita, Okla., where he and Mrs. Greve meet their hosts at the airstrip. Although Don can pilot a plane, he makes frequent use of an air-taxi service—and, wherever he goes, he is on the lookout for new plant locations.

job for longer than six months at a time. Now he is the beneficiary of a profit-sharing plan, has free hospitalization and life insurance, and is buying a comfortable new home erected on a nonprofit basis by his company. His children will have a scholarship fund when they reach college age, and the corporation's expert legal counsel is available to him without charge.

In return, this employee and his co-workers are producing a volume of quality goods in excess of the high goals Don Greve set five years ago. The plant parking lot, once virtually empty, is filled with automobiles. Workers wear their neat uniforms with pride, and their absentee record is far below the national average. Once, only 5 percent were registered voters—now all are.

Don Greve always has set high goals—only to exceed them—in both his business and church life. It was that way during his pastorate at Mustang, Okla., his first church. Now as supply pastor at St. Mark's Methodist Church, Bethany, where he serves without compensation, he has seen membership grow from nothing to more than 600.

But he is careful to distinguish the difference be-



Speaking at a high-school banquet, Don exemplifies his conviction that "each of you can do anything that you desire to do in life."



At home in an Oklahoma City suburb, Mrs. Greve, Kim, 11, and John, 8, await Don's return from a business trip. For lack of time, the young executive has few hobbies, devoting his energies to his family, his expanding enterprises, and the growing church he serves as a layman and supply pastor.

tween "running" a church and a business. A big, growing church is not the most important thing to him.

"I would rather have 10 additions to a church in a year's time, or have 10 lives changed, than have 1,000 new members and no lives changed," he says.

Now 34, Don is president or board member of several Oklahoma corporations, including a credit corporation, banks, furniture stores, real-estate firms, land-development companies, and schools. He was named National Small Businessman of the Year in 1966, and recently joined forces with a 60-year-old firm which manufactures bedding and living room furniture, and will market in all 50 states. Last spring, Plant No. 2 of Sequoyah Carpet Mills was dedicated along with a new furniture plant at Elk City, near Anadarko.

This is only a part of the Don Greve story. The big story may be in the future—for he has another goal. Once again it involves people. Someday, he hopes, 10,000 jobs will be his to offer.

"The only thing we do is provide opportunity," he says. "There are thousands of people with executive ability, with financial assets, who have the opportunity of doing something for others.

"I feel that there will be some who will look at us and say: 'Golly, there is something I can do!'"

Don Greve said that once—and that's what he is doing today.

—HERMAN B. TEETER



After work, Don may put on a sweat shirt and play basketball with his two children. Later, he may fly to another town to speak. In high school he earned his letter in athletics, and was outstanding in chemistry, physics, and speech.

A miracle doesn't have to come directly from God.

*For a little girl, it can be the result of his love and
forgiveness, working in her own mother's heart.*

The Plaid Skirt

By MAUDE E. WILSON

EVER SINCE the Roman soldiers challenged Jesus on the cross, man, in his dark nights of desperation and heartbreak, has flung out the questions: Is there a God? Does he answer prayer? Is there an answer, or only the echo of his own despair?

Well, take a small girl with a large curiosity, a plaid skirt, and a tin of brown shoe polish, mix them together, and you have an answer.

Many years ago, when I was about seven, we lived in a steel town—so called because its retail business depended largely on the steel mill in the area. My father owned a shoe store, but during a long strike his business came close to a standstill.

Depression was just a word to me. I had time to play, the comforts of home, and more clothes than I thought I needed. Anyway, clothes were just something I had to wear, an accessory to climbing trees and fences, jumping over anything that was not flat, and, most thrilling, hanging by my heels from a limb of our apple tree.

My older sister never seemed to wear out her clothes and, when she outgrew them, I inherited them as a matter of course. They were of no importance to me—with one exception. She had a separate skirt, her first one, and for some reason I wanted a separate skirt, too, more than anything else I could think of. But I did not need one, my sister had not outgrown hers, and the budget made no provision for the fulfillment of my dreams.

Depression now became very real to me, and as chances of getting

one grew less, a separate skirt became more and more my heart's desire. I dreamed and planned, but days dragged on without hope. Depression was one obstacle I could find no way around. Give up? No! I had not yet prayed about it.

My sister and I never had been given a choice about going to church and Sunday school. Our parents took us, and God had become very real to me. He lived up in the sky, where the fleecy clouds were, a huge book open in front of him and a big pencil in his hand. He had a flowing white beard, long white hair, and looked something like the pictures of Moses.

He was good and kind, even though he marked it down when I was not. And he had helped me before: I had prayed about my radishes when I was afraid they would not get bottoms on them after I had pulled them up to see—and they did. I decided I would pray for a separate skirt.

Almost halfway to the top of the apple tree, the branches formed a cradle where I could lean back and watch the sky through the leaves and branches. It was here I brought my daydreams and my problems, and it was here that I explained to God all about the depression and my longing for a separate skirt.

Now my mother, who had been a schoolteacher, believed in discipline, and her "no" meant exactly that, and not "maybe." But she also believed in making a small girl happy if possible. In the mysterious way known to mothers, she probably knew about my prayers.

One never to be forgotten day, I became the joyful owner of a

separate skirt. My mother had made it of lovely Scotch plaid, gathered full around the waist, glowing with the soft colors of Indian summer. I had no thought for the extra work it had meant for her, nor of what she might have gone without in order to buy the rich material (she would never compromise with quality, a fact which was to prove most fortunate). At last I had my dream.

I was told to be very careful, with good reason. Too often, my love of adventure and experiment had gotten me and my clothes into trouble. Of course, I would be careful, but surely nothing could hurt a separate skirt straight from heaven. I did not realize then that answered prayer does not include blanket insurance.

One fateful day came catastrophe. A row of huge drainage tiles had been left along the road in front of my father's store, and that afternoon, balancing my way along the tops of the tiles, I slipped and fell. My skirt caught on a sharp edge and held. I did not. When I picked myself up, there was a ragged, three-cornered hole in the front of my treasured skirt.

Minor rips, snags, and spots my mother had repaired, but this looked hopeless. However, my patient, long-suffering mother took the skirt apart and made it into a gored skirt. This time she promised: "The next time you will be punished."

I knew her promises were always kept. But a grown-up gored skirt out of a little-girl gathered one? This surely was magic, and nothing more could happen.

Couldn't it? Came an afternoon

when I, wearing the plaid skirt, had been allowed to stop at my father's store for a while. In the center of the store was a radiant-type heater with little colored glass prisms inset in the slender heating pipes and a silver-colored grille across the top.

Watching the prisms, I somehow found a small tin box of brown shoe polish in my hand. Curiosity tuned in. I pried off the lid and set the box on top of the hot grille to see what would happen. It happened quickly. The polish melted, and when I picked up the box, it was so hot I jumped. The box flew out of my hand and landed upside down smack on my stomach.

Horried, I watched the brown, stiffening wax spread down the front of my plaid skirt. This was the end. Panic-stricken, I lit out for home and, although it was just late afternoon, I went directly to my room and shut the door. Desolation engulfed me. The punishment Mother had promised could be endured, but my treasured skirt was ruined for good.

I cannot remember how long I sat, a forlorn, sodden bundle of misery. It would take a miracle to save my skirt, I knew. A miracle? Yes, a miracle! I had learned about them in Sunday school, but I had never asked for one. Neither had I ever been faced with such disaster before. Clearly this was the time.

Stepping out of the skirt, almost afraid it would break, I spread it carefully over the high back of a rocking chair, the stiffened, discolored front in full view. I pulled it close to the window so God could see it. Then I got down on my knees by my bed and talked to God for a long time, praying with all my heart, soul, and quaking body. Exhausted, I climbed into bed and promptly went to sleep.

In the morning the skirt was on the chair exactly as I had left it. No, not as I had left it. It was like new, the colors even seemed brighter. Laughing, crying with joy and relief, I flew to tell my mother about my miracle. I can see her now as she turned to me, smiled, and said: "Indeed it was a miracle!"

Sometime later my schoolteacher came to call. After greetings I was told to go out and play, but, won-



The polish melted, and when I picked up the box it was so hot I jumped. The box flew out of my hand and landed upside down smack on my stomach.

Gift- Wrap

YOUR GOOD DEEDS



ONE OF my clearest childhood memories is of my mother starching, ironing, and mending my outgrown dresses. They were destined for our church's clothing drive. Other mothers simply bundled their offerings, wrinkled and buttonless, into shopping bags and dumped them at the collection depot.

When I heard one woman remark, "No use fixing them up—the people who get them don't appreciate it anyway," I repeated it to my mother. Maybe, I thought, Mother didn't know she was wasting her time. She looked up from her ironing and said something I have never forgotten:

"Patty, it doesn't matter if these dresses are torn and dirty five minutes after they're put on. The families who get them will know they were in the best possible condition when they came from us. Anything you give must be your best."

Mother applied this same principle to a ne'er-do-well branch of our family—the father, a periodic home-deserter; the mother, referred to by my aunts as lazy and irresponsible; the four children, always running wild, usually dirty and often hungry. Not only did Mother frequently feed and shelter the four neglected youngsters, but she even sent them home scrubbed and shining. Nor did she treat them as nuisances.

I remember especially one of those distant cousins about my own age. Birthdays were very special occasions for us, and Mother

treated this boy's with every bit as much ceremony as she did ours. He chose the menu for the day; there was a cake with candles, along with a pile of gifts. Nevertheless, he did not seem to appreciate that party, and the rest of us resented his ingratitude.

As an adult, I chanced to meet him years later. The first thing he said to me, with a sort of eager wistfulness, was:

"Do you remember the birthday party your mother gave me? I've never forgotten it. She was the only one who ever made us kids feel that we mattered."

Only then did I realize that Mother had been right. She had given her best, and it had lived in the heart of this man.

I thought of other things my mother had done: how she always made sure that Christmas gifts for those same children were wrapped with all the skill at her command. Presents for the better-off members of the family might be casually stuek together—with seals if the paper ran short—but invariably the prettiest wrappings and ribbons went to the ne'er-do-wells. "They need it; the rest of you don't," was her terse explanation.

Indeed, anything you give must be your best. A grudging charity is not good enough. We must gift-wrap our good deeds, and add a willing heart and a smiling face.

As James Russell Lowell put it: "The gift without the giver is bare."

—PATRICIA MCGOWAN

dering about her reason for coming, I stayed within hearing distance. When I heard my miracle mentioned, I listened closely.

My mother was telling how she had come home, looked for me, and found me in bed asleep. Why so early and no supper? Then she saw the skirt by the window. She had been helping my father at the store, was tired and worried, and now that skirt again! She had worked and sacrificed for it, mended it and cleaned it, and now it seemed hopelessly ruined.

Her patience was exhausted. But, she continued, something she could not explain impelled her to take the skirt and go out quietly without waking me. She worked until after one in the morning, seraping, blotting the shoe wax, washing the skirt in hot water, praying. And she cried. Finally she could press it, and then, still impelled by something beyond herself, she replaced it exactly as she had found it.

Listening, I was crushed, disillusioned, and disappointed. God had not done it—just my mother. I climbed up to my apple-tree refuge, numb with misery. I had no words, no thanks. The sky was there—but where was the God I had asked for a miracle?

And then He was there, reminding me about the promised punishment for "the next time." This I had completely forgotten in my joy over my restored skirt. But beyond any doubt nothing but a miracle could have prevented it, could have made my mother break a promise. I remembered her smile, and again I heard her say: "Indeed it was a miracle."

With my never-to-be-forgotten miracle warm again in my heart, I came down from my tree a wiser, more careful little girl. In fact, I do not remember anything more happening to my treasured possession.

Years have passed, each weaving its days into a living plaid of beauty and pain, glory and suffering. At times when life's pattern has seemed hopelessly marred by blemishes and broken threads, my memory has winged back to the time when a plaid skirt was woven into a shining cloak of faith on the loom of love. And I have known that love is indeed a miracle. □

FACING THE FUTURE ... WITH FAITH

By faith Abraham obeyed when he was called to go out to a place which he was to receive as an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing where he was to go. . . . For he looked forward to the city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

—Hebrews 11:8, 10

A MOTHER ONCE asked her young son to go out and milk the cow. The boy was willing until he opened the door and saw how dark it was. Then he jumped back in the house, slammed the door, and, looking frightened, told his mother it was too dark.

The mother insisted that the cow had to be milked, but the little boy insisted just as strongly that he didn't want to do it. Finally the mother asked, "What is there to be afraid of? God is out there and he will help you." The little boy thought for a minute. Then he opened the door, threw the milk bucket out, and yelled, "Okay, God, you milk the cow!"

Many of us are quite willing to do our chores until we open the door to the future and it looks a little

dark. We see such frightening things as the population explosion, which is creating a major world food shortage.

We see a rapidly advancing space-age technology, making old jobs obsolete and creating new jobs for which many are not prepared.

We see a birth-control pill, which for our young people has taken the fear out of "going all the way" on the next date.

We see an engagement in Viet Nam which reminds us of the senseless cruelty of war. When we see one country after another developing its own nuclear bomb, we wonder where it will all end.

We see black power and white supremacy creating great unrest among people and threatening the security of our lives.

Feelings of guilt, anxiety, and despair literally are tearing apart our inner lives. Recognizing that all these problems and many more do exist, how can we face the future with hope and confidence?

With every good intention, we could say, "What is there to be afraid of? God is out there!" Yet, that kind of answer always seems to lack something. It sounds like a little boy whistling in the dark so that he doesn't hear the sounds of all those scary things waiting to jump out at him.

If we are going to move into the future with any sense of purpose and meaning, we are going to need a great faith. The kind of faith we will need is like that of a man of the Old Testament whose name was Abraham.

Abraham was a traveler and a nomad who moved restlessly from one place to another. He was a herdsman who became wealthy by raising and selling sheep. Abraham is considered the father of the Jewish religion, and Judaism is the mother of Christianity. I believe Abraham's faith offers clues as to the kind of faith we will need to face our future.

Abraham had faith that God needed his life for a great cause. He believed God called him to establish a nation through which all mankind would be blessed. He left one familiar home after another to journey into a strange land, convinced that God had given him orders to move on. The faith that his life was caught up in some noble purpose gave direction and meaning to all that he did.

The ultimate joy of life will not belong to us if our attitude is like that of Clarence Darrow, the famous trial lawyer, who once said, "I am satisfied that life is a serious burden, which no thinking person would wantonly inflict on someone else."

Joy and meaning and purpose come into our lives only as we share the feeling expressed by George Bernard Shaw in his *Man and Superman*: "This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thor-

oughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy."

There are enough great causes to which we can relate our lives. We must establish a meaningful foundation on which generations after us can build their lives. Plain honesty needs to be brought into our work life, our politics, our schools. Respect for personal morals and public morale are urgently needed. There is freedom to be won and maintained, and human equality for which we must fight. There is a sense of personal worth that needs to be brought into the lives of many people. One reason great things fail is our failure to respond to God's call to be a part of a noble venture.

Abraham's faith was not content with things as they were. At the stately age of 75, he had every reason to be content. He had grown reasonably wealthy at Haran. He easily could have said, "At my age it is senseless to leave. Find someone else, God." But he had such faith that he got up and left Haran, willing to go wherever God might lead him. He believed there was something better for his people.

We must never let ourselves be deceived into believing that our lives or our communities are the best possible. When we cease striving for improvement, life becomes stagnant and deadly.

Abraham's faith interpreted the nagging impulse to move on as God's way of saying that life for the Hebrew people needed improvement. If we look into our future through the eyes of a faith that is not satisfied with the world as it is, a sense of purpose will come into our lives.

Abraham's faith was that, even if he failed, God's purposes for his life would not fail. Abraham was human. He wasn't always 100 percent certain that God's promises would come true. On one notable occasion, his faith vanished altogether. Abraham desperately wanted a son, but he became convinced that old age would claim his life before God could fulfill his dream.

Taking matters into his own hands, Abraham obtained Sarah's permission to have sexual intercourse with one of her servant girls. This was a legitimate and normal procedure in the society of Abraham's time. But Sarah got peeved because the servant could give something to her husband which she could not. And Abraham developed guilt feelings.

Because we are less than perfect, we sometimes fail to put our lives to their best use. There are times when we fail magnificently. But we do not need to throw in the towel. In spite of our failures God still has a need for our lives. God created each of us as a unique being, and no one else can play our role for us.

Through faith Abraham believed that even in the midst of failures the mercy of God continued to call him back to his noble purpose in life. If our faith is like that, our glimpse into the future will reveal the possibility of a truly abundant life.

Abraham's faith was lived one day at a time. This aspect of his faith was expressed the day he made his way to the top of Mount Moriah to offer his son Isaac as a burnt offering. Abraham had an intense pride in Isaac. Then one day God told him that he must offer up his first son as a sacrifice.

One can imagine the anguish in Abraham's heart as he began his journey that day. As they started to the top of the mountain, Isaac asked, "Where is the lamb for the burnt offering?" Abraham replied, "The Lord will provide." In other words, let's let that matter take care of itself when the time arrives.

If we are to be able to face our future with confidence, then we will need a faith that is willing to live one day at a time. We can plan and prepare ourselves for some things, such as marriage and retirement, but there is a difference between worrying and planning. As J. B. Phillips translates the words of Jesus, each day has troubles enough of its own. Let the troublesome things that await us in the future take care of themselves when the time arrives. Sometimes the things we worry about either do not happen the way we had anticipated or they do not happen at all.

Think of all the things that have happened to us during the past 12 months, all the disappointments, all the shattered dreams, all the sorrows, all the illnesses. Intolerable as some of these things once seemed, we managed to bear them and came out in pretty good shape. But if someone had told us two months ago that these things would happen, the worry could have been worse than the events themselves.

Living one day at a time also requires that we live in that moment of our lives in which we are presently engaged. So much of our happiness is dependent upon something that is going to happen later that we overlook the opportunities and possibilities of the present. We need to get busy living in the present 24 hours. A faith that slows us down to one day at a time can make us happier about prospects for our future.

Because of his faith, Abraham was content to let God take care of his tomorrows, while he lived each day to the best of his abilities. Our lives will be relieved of much of the frustration that destroys inner peace if we follow this practice.

If in life you intend to be concerned only with what people can do for you, if you intend to measure everyone and everything by what they can contribute to your own well-being, then you will not understand the need for faith.

But if you propose to strive for the more excellent things of life, to find enjoyment in sharing these with other persons, then you will need a great faith.

That faith can be yours if you trust your life to God. Faith will not make life a bed of roses, but it will give direction and purpose to all that you do. Faith will take your sorrows, your ills, your broken dreams and set them in the kind of light by which you can see the real joy of each moment.

Regardless of how dreary you make your life out to be, it is a great life. Let God help you to find and possess the kind of faith that will enable you to participate in its excitement and live it at its best. □



Janet Bender (left) taught retarded children such basic skills as pasting and coloring pictures. One child could not relate to people. "My first truly rewarding experience was seeing her ride a tricycle for me," Janet recalled. Don High's therapy work with adult patients included sessions on the putting green.



Margaret Lamm (at right), an EUB minister's daughter, wheeled patients to therapy treatments at Porter Memorial Hospital.



Mary Kimbell used special equipment in music-therapy classes and also worked with children's choirs.

In Denver

Teens Explore Christian Vocations

DOES THE CHURCH have a responsibility in preparing young people for careers other than for the ministry, Christian education, or the mission field? The Rocky Mountain Conference of The Methodist Church thinks so.

Last summer, 10 carefully selected young people from throughout Colorado participated in the final session of a two-year service project. For eight weeks, the two boys and eight girls lived in the parish house of Denver's Warren Memorial Methodist Church and worked in four Denver-area institutions. The project's

purpose: to help young people consider careers in medicine as Christian vocations.

The pilot project was sponsored by the conference's Christian Vocations Commission, and was coordinated by Dr. Claude Guldner, chaplain at Colorado Psychiatric Hospital and counselor to students at Iliff School of Theology.

"The idea was to help the kids discover realistically what is involved in a medical profession through actual work experiences and face-to-face confrontation with professional people," explained Dr. Guldner,



Pam Gross was assigned to Fort Logan Mental Health Center where she taught retarded women to cook and sew. Often afraid to do things, they needed constant supervision, Pam reported.



Plants grown by the youngsters help them to understand the life process. "We were told that retarded kids are more like normal children than unlike them," Ann Garrison recalled. "I learned that fast."



adding, "And, hopefully, the program confronted them with some of their concepts of religion and faith."

Participants in the eight-week Summer Project in Institutional Service had to be at least 16 years old and high-school students or recent graduates.

They were selected on the basis of their interest in entering some form of the healing arts, but most came seeking more than career information.

"I thought I would find out what kind of work I enjoyed," Janet Bender said. "But I also wanted to learn to live with a group like this. It's helped me a lot. I've learned a little more about controlling my temper, and I'm more understanding now."

Susan Lowe agreed. "I heard about the program from my sister," she explained. "She said that besides the work experience it was a good chance to live with other kids and mature."

Most of the students' time was spent on the job. They provided volunteer service seven to eight hours

Students lived in Warren Memorial's parish house during their stay in Denver. Seminarian Charles McElwain and his wife Dee (assisted by their young son Jeffery) supervised the project.

daily, five days a week, at two state institutions and two private hospitals:

- Colorado State Home and Training School in Wheat Ridge. One of two state facilities for the mentally retarded, it is home for approximately 1,000 children and adults.

- Fort Logan Mental Health Center. Located in southwest Denver, this hospital serves the more than 1 million persons of eight Colorado counties. Fort Logan patients are treated in four divisions: adult psychiatric, alcoholism, children's, and geriatrics. The Center includes Scotdale for Children which offers special education and therapy for the brain damaged and retarded.

- The Lutheran Hospital and Medical Center, Wheat Ridge.

- Porter Memorial Hospital, Denver.

The volunteers were usually, but not always, accepted by the patients. One woman thought Margaret Lamm was too young to be trusted and demanded to be helped by a nurse. "She was real fussy," 16-year-old Margaret related. "But most were pretty nice."

Some had a good sense of humor, too, added Linda Martin, who worked in Porter Memorial Hospital. "There was one old lady who said she weighed 94 pounds when she got married," Linda explained. "Now she's about three feet wide and calls herself 'the hippo.' We had her in therapy and she was doing an exercise that looked like the twist. She called it the 'hippo hop.'"

Don High remembered his surprise at being accepted so quickly by mental patients at Fort Logan. "When you see people who are older than you relying on you for help, and expressing their gratitude, you really feel good."

The work done by participants in the Summer Project in Institutional Service is quite different from the usual volunteer work, Dr. Gulder pointed out. "In most programs, volunteers are assigned to one spot and stay there. Our people worked in as many different areas of the hospitals as possible so they could be exposed to a number of career possibilities. And our kids worked a full day, five days a week, as opposed to programs where volunteers work only one day a week."

Both Charles McElwain, a third-year student at Iliff and project supervisor, and Dr. Guldner felt the program helped young people make realistic decisions as they plan their life's work. At least 7 of the 10 students who participated in the 1966 project (the first year of the pilot program) have gone into college and are planning to enter some area of the helping professions. As a result of the 1966 session, one student definitely decided not to go into medicine. "But this is part of the program, too," Dr. Guldner insisted. "We would not feel it was successful if everyone came out feeling *gung ho* about the profession."

The 1967 participants had equally varied feelings. One wants to teach math. Others are undecided. "I want to be some kind of a nurse, but I didn't know what field or anything," one girl lamented. "I did hope this summer would help me decide. It kind of confused me more. But I still want to be some kind of a nurse." At least three students are seriously con-



In a rare period of free time, Don High, Ken Wieden, and Ann Garrison worked up an appetite for dinner by playing hopscotch. Planned recreation was limited to weekends. Sometimes Chuck and Dee took students to Larimer Square, Denver's gaslight district (below).





Housefather McElwain doubled as bus driver, hauling his 10 students to and from their jobs. His route took him over 100 miles daily.



Twice weekly, students attended seminars to learn about specialized health careers from professionals such as this Denver doctor.



Written reports helped students evaluate their progress. Linda Martin (left) and Susan Lowe preferred floor for pondering.

sidering careers in one of the helping professions.

The students do have some definite ideas of how Christianity relates to careers. "I think anything can be a Christian vocation, whether it's 'church-related' or not," Janet Bender reflected.

"It's a Christian's duty to do something worthwhile and useful for other people," Linda Martin explained. "Medicine is definitely one field in which you can do that."

The project limited its pilot sessions to 10 students, but Dr. Guldner would like to see 20 participate this year. "If the Christian Vocations Commission decides

to continue the project, we'll probably expand it to include such vocations as social work, community service, recreational therapy, and business," he said.

Mrs. McElwain, the housemother, also hopes the project will be continued. "It's important that the church is doing something like this," she said.

"A lot of young people feel that the church does not really care about them other than their attending Sunday school and bringing their own children into the church someday. Through this program, teenagers realize that the church is genuinely concerned about their future."

—MARTHA LANE

"We set aside one night a week for the kids to discuss things that were bothering them," Mr. McElwain said.





Caught up in a tangle of duties for this organization, and that, and the other, she still felt hollow inside. Why was she running all day, every day? What was she doing with her life? Only a crisis of mistaken identity made her stop to think—and to set a new pattern.

By RUTH POWERS

LAST NIGHT, already late, I was rushing to get to a Cub Pack committee meeting. The phone rang.

Hastily dabbing on lipstick, I called to my son, "Mike, will you answer the phone and if it's for me, say I just left?" I ran to brush my hair.

I didn't feel guilty about the little white lie. It had been a hectic week, as was becoming more and more the pattern of my life. Meetings and community projects had stacked up. I was an officer or a committee chairman or a project worker everywhere.

It was exhausting, often nerve-racking, but I did it all for my children's sake—better children's organizations, better schools, better churches, a better community were all for their benefit, I told myself. It helped my husband, too, he had

to admit. The better known I was in the community, the more business contacts he would have. Besides, *someone* had to do these things.

In my hurry, I dropped my brush and picked it up again as Mike called from the hallway.

"Mother, it's Melba and I can't understand her. I think she wants to talk to Daddy. Will you take it?"

Impatient with my husband for not being there to answer the call for himself, I expelled my breath irritably and muttered to my son, "Why didn't you say I was gone?"

I ran to the phone, brush still in hand, and said in clipped tones, "Hi, I'm already late. What is it?"

She sobbed, "Oh, Ruth! Ruth!" and then all I heard was her crying. Immediately there flashed through my mind all sorts of family

tragedies—sudden illness, an accident, even death.

Alarmed, I cried, "What's happened? What's the matter?"

Through her sobs, she faltered, "You're all right? Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right," I said. "I'm in a hurry, that's all."

"I thought you were dead!" she cried. "They said you were dying in Mercy Hospital!"

I simply stared at the telephone. Finally I breathed, "But I'm all right."

And then her story came in a rush. Laura had called her, the Wilsons had called Laura—in fact, "everybody was calling everybody." Supposedly my husband had called the minister in such a state of hysteria that they couldn't find out what had happened to me, but I was dying, and the minister must

come quickly before it was too late. He was on his way to the hospital now to be with me in my dying moments. Melba had called my house to see if our children were all right.

Through all this, I could only utter a muffled whisper now and then: "But I'm all right! I'm all right!" Finally, I had the presence of mind to say, "Please hang up so I can stop this story. I'm all right!"

I sat a moment, dazed, trying to think whom to call, when the phone rang again. It was Harriet's voice and her story was the same. As I put the phone down, it rang again. I tried desperately to call somebody to stop the story, but it seemed that every number I called buzzed busy.

I had the strangest feeling inside, as though I were completely hollow. It was almost an hour before the phone was quiet. I sat beside it numbed.

I felt there was something I ought to be doing—something important, something noble, while so many I knew worried about me. A committee meeting didn't seem very noble, but neither did just sitting there. So I went to the meeting.

Undisturbed by the worldly cares of the outside, everyone looked up a bit reproachfully when I walked in. I managed to laugh a little and said, "I'm sorry to be late, but I've been dead for an hour, and thought I ought to stay home to say I'm all right."

There was some polite laughter and someone remarked that I looked quite alive, and then Clint finished the sentence he had broken off when I came in. Ham would be all right again this year, he said. We had ham last year and everybody seemed to like it. *And I still felt hollow inside.*

Christine asked what we should give the kids to drink, and Clint said we had pop last year, and Dorothy said some of us mothers don't like for the kids to have pop because they don't eat supper very well when they have it, and Betty said maybe we could tell them they couldn't have pop unless they cleaned their plates, and Jessie said, no, they'd all be dumping their food under the table, and Lois said how

about just giving them water, and Clint said it wouldn't seem like a party . . . *and somebody was dying and it wasn't me because I was all right.*

Then Bill remarked that pop eliminates washing glasses, and somebody suggested paper cups, and it was figured out that paper cups cost too much and somebody made a motion that we have pop and it was duly carried and then we had to decide whether to have Coke or Orange Crush or both and there was some heavy discussion on this point, until finally the Orange people crushed the Coke people, and we progressed to the paper napkins . . . *and my friends were grieving for me and I was all right.*

I SHUT my eyes and superimposed on a picture of the crates of pop a picture of a city in the night—all Orange Crush because then nobody would feel bad if he didn't get the kind he liked best. It was cold and deathly still and out of many of the houses a vapor rose. The vapors were prayers and they were for me and I wasn't worth them.

What if someone whose life was made of such terrible trivialities were to die? What would it matter? No more than if some little boys didn't eat a very good supper one night. The world would go on just the same. Nothing important would be missing.

I tried to think of something I had done that day that might make me worth one minute's prayer from anybody—one thing I had said or done that might make the world a tiny little bit better. I could think of nothing.

I had taken a small part in the church circle program that morning. I had scanned the page, torn hurriedly from the program book, often enough that I could tell it without referring to the page too often. It was about the purposes and goals of the organization. It didn't take long. We knew them all anyway. Then for an hour we discussed the bake sale next week. I would be busy, but—

I had called a list of school patrons—with many irritating busy

signals and call-backs—to remind them of the PTA meeting tomorrow, to be sure to bring their dues, and there would be coffee and cookies after the meeting. I knew the answers before they came: "I'll try to come, but I've been so busy . . ." in the same words and the same harried voice I myself had used so often.

I had jotted a note to my husband's widowed mother: "Dear Mom: Sorry not to have written in so long, but I've been so busy . . ." and scrawled "Love" almost illegibly.

I had dealt impatiently with the children's quarrels while I put together a hasty supper. I had given my husband a brief homecoming kiss, and then he talked of something that happened at the office. I don't remember what. I didn't really listen because I was so busy—even too busy to accompany him to the door as he left for an evening of work at the office.

There, in the middle of the committee meeting, I bowed my head and covered my eyes with a trembling hand. Busy—busy—busy to the point of aching weariness. But I had done nothing, learned nothing, given nothing, and now I was voting for paper plates . . . *and people were praying because they thought I was dying, and I wasn't worth a prayer of it.*

Finally we had droned through the entire menu and all the dishes, and stood up to go home, when suddenly Christine stopped in the middle of buttoning her coat.

"Oh, we almost forgot!" she said.

We all stopped buttoning our coats and looked at her.

"What about some paper to put on the tables? Should that come from the Pack fund, or should we ask each den for enough to put on one table, or should each family bring a tablecloth?"

Harvey said, "I'll bring a roll of wrapping paper," and we all sighed and resumed buttoning. *Life, death, and the vast forever—with paper on the tables!*

This morning I learned that another Mrs. Powers almost died in childbirth last night. Her baby did not live.

I met her once at a Scout meeting. We talked a few minutes,

mostly about the fact that we weren't related at all, and that we each had a boy the same age. She was younger than I, and prettier and shyer.

And last night while she lay near death, my friends prayed for me. And while she lay there, I saw to it that her son would have Orange Crush instead of Coke at the Pack supper, and paper on the tables. Thank heaven we thought of that!

It is noon now and I have come to the park alone, trying to find somewhere, in the running water, the trees, the stones, an answer to the worthwhileness of my busy life.

These are all worthy organizations for which I work, but what has happened to us all? Have we forgotten our goals in the frenzied pursuit of the means? Do we love the meeting and the project more than its purpose? Do we seek the busyness in a frantic effort to cover our emptiness, our unwillingness to give of our real selves?

Am I one of the bored women who fills in empty hours, begging the universe for a sense of accomplishment? Am I only bolstering my own self-importance, compen-

sating for a feeling of inadequacy in the oldest organization known to man—the family, its means, and its goals? Why am I doing it all?

For the good of the world? For my children's benefit, as I have told myself? My husband's? My face burns in shame today to think of that quick, unimpassioned kiss I dutifully gave him last night. I wish I knew what it was he wanted to tell me. I lay awake long after he slept last night.

A FEW moments ago I saw a flat stone lying on the stream bank. As if by instinct, I stooped and picked it up and held it in my palm a moment, savoring the feel of its smooth surface warmed by the sun. Then, again as if by instinct, I skipped it across the water. It made a tiny splash and a tiny eddy each time it touched the water. And then it sank, and in a moment the eddies were gone and there was only the stream flowing along. But there had been the delight as it skipped gaily across the water.

I stood transfixed, watching the place where it sank, remembering

another stream bank, another skipping stone.

My mother, long gone from me now, was wearing a red blouse, and she was laughing, running, her bright hair streaming out behind her. She caught my hands and together we danced up and down and around and around.

"Ruth did it!" she was singing. "She did it. She skipped a stone three times!" And then she kissed me.

Was she head of the committees? Did she do her part in the community? Was she considered "a good worker"?

Perhaps. I don't remember. I remember only that she laughed. She loved. She taught me to skip a stone. Eddies of delight in the stream of life. When it's gone, what better can there be to be remembered?

"And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love. . . ." Perhaps the other Mrs. Powers and I *are* related after all—in a sisterhood born of her suffering and the tears and prayers for my life. □

Decalogue for Damsels

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house. Nor her wall-to-wall carpeting, nor her air conditioning, nor her extra bathroom, nor the large lot on which the house standeth.

Thou knowest thy husband should not covet thy neighbor's wife, but neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's husband.

Nor his neatness with his possessions, nor his helpfulness about the house, nor his willingness to take care of the children. Thou shalt not hold up to the light of comparison thy husband and thy neighbor's husband, only to find that thy husband has been weighed in the balances and found wanting; for this, indeed, is to covet the husband of thy neighbor.

Neither shalt thou covet for thine own husband the position or salary or expense account of thy neighbor's husband, nor yet his business car which is furnished him by his company.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's manservant nor his maidservant, whether they be servants of flesh and blood or mechanical ser-

vants of chrome and wires with push buttons.

Surely some shalt knock at the pearly gates and demand entrance on the testimony, "I never coveted my neighbor's ox nor his ass." And surely Peter's voice will come from within, saying, "But thou also knewest better than to covet his station wagon, yea, even his foreign sports car."

Indeed, thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's nor even anything thou seest on thy television which thy husband sayest thou canst not afford.

The apostle Paul declared plainly that covetousness is idolatry. Thy graven images are made not of gold, implanted with jewelled eyes, but are of easy-to-clean lifetime porcelain, implanted with thermostats and defrosting devices.

Thy God, who created the heavens and the earth, knoweth thy needs, and he is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that you ask or think. As for thee, thou shalt not covet.

—Wini Jones



The Church That Split... *To Grow!*

Text by WILLMON L. WHITE

Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER

ASK ANYONE in Helena, Montana, for directions to the Methodist church and he is likely to point out soaring twin spires, and respond: "That's St. Helena's Catholic Cathedral. Right across the street is St. Paul's Methodist. You can't miss it."

St. Paul's Methodist Church in Helena indeed stands in the shadow of a towering Gothic cathedral patterned after the one in Cologne, Germany. The architectural contrast between St. Helena's

*Twin steeples of a
Roman Catholic cathedral
tower high over St. Paul's
Methodist Church in
Helena, Mont.*

and St. Paul's—which one loyal member calls “our cardboard cathedral”—is striking, especially in an ecumenical era which finds Helena Methodists and Catholics co-operating to an ever-increasing degree. Nevertheless, it may be true that in terms of Christian community, lay involvement, and social concern, few churches in the Western states—Protestant or otherwise—can shade St. Paul's.

Methodists in Helena have harnessed a frontier spirit and sophisticated methods to the task of making the church a creative community force. By taking theology seriously, they are showing that the Christian mission is *what*—not *where*—you make it.

St. Paul's is distinguished by a building that seems to be in constant use and by a leadership especially sensitive to what the church of tomorrow can and ought to be. These traits are not altogether ordinary in a city of 20,000 population—one which seems worlds away from racial riots, war protests, the hippie culture, and other phenomena which have forced many churches to reassess their role in society. But St. Paul's is very much on the forward edge. It started a second congregation on its own initiative, gives leadership and financial support to the offspring, co-ordinates their programs and ministries wherever possible, and considers the new church a “pilot plant” for its own renewal. Both congregations are actively ecumenical and open to virtually any experiment that holds the promise of revitalizing the church and expanding its mission and effectiveness.

Helena, the capital city of a state with fewer people than such cities as Boston, Mass., or Dallas, Texas, sits in the center of a rich mineral, farming, and ranching area in the Rockies. Here, in 1864, four prospectors from Montana's historic Virginia City were on the verge of giving up when they found gold in Last Chance Gulch, now Helena's main street. When the town was officially named later, its founders pronounced it with the accent on the first syllable—*Helena*—perhaps as a historical tip of the hat to the hell-raising, hard-drinking men



Members of Covenant Methodist Church trudge through Montana snow following a typically experimental-style service (right) led by Pastor Bob Phelps in the basement meeting hall of Covenant's parsonage.

Two miles away, at St. Paul's Methodist Church in downtown Helena (below), the Rev. George Harper conducts a more traditional service.





Helena Methodists conduct a Sunday school for children living in Stewart Homes, a low-income housing project, and lead weekly Bible-study sessions for their mothers. Mission strategy for the two congregations comes from discussion groups called The Twelve. Above right, laymen talk contemporary theology at an early Monday-morning breakfast.

who came to grub for gold and silver.

St. Paul's Church traces its origins to March, 1865, when a young Methodist minister named E. T. McLaughlin came from Virginia City and preached his first sermon from a pile of logs only a nugget's throw from Last Chance Gulch. By July of that year a cabin was constructed of these logs for an eight-member church.

This, Helena's first church building, was rediscovered only three years ago during the city's centennial. Last year, Methodist older youths, with six other co-operating denominations, renovated and opened it as a miners-shack coffee-house called The Diggin's.

Today's Helena, with its copper-domed capitol, its hundred-year-old mansions built by overnight millionaires, and new housing developments springing up around its fringes, seems bigger than it is. "Western towns generally act bigger than they are," observes the Rev. George Harper, who came to St. Paul's as pastor in 1961. Jockeying his Volkswagen around the

hills and back streets of the town, he adds: "And the way we figure it, the church ought to be bigger than it generally is."

Mr. Harper, who spent eight years in Nashville as an executive of the National Conference of Methodist Youth before coming to Montana, likes the big-sky country. "Most of our people think young, even if they're 80," says Mr. Harper, who is 44. "Many of them don't come from strong church backgrounds. Consequently, you hear very little of that old 'we've tried that, it won't work' thinking. On 'most any project, they are inclined to say, 'Let's go ahead and see if we fall on our face.'"

THIS brand of openness to new ideas led St. Paul's 1,200 members to an unusual decision three years ago.

Facing the need for expanded facilities and considering a new building—perhaps even a respectable architectural counterpart to the Catholic cathedral—church leaders decided instead to start a

second church two miles east on Helena's outskirts.

The result is the new Covenant Methodist Church, organized last Easter with 30 adult members. Harold Eagle, a consulting engineer, was one of many St. Paul leaders who gave the new congregation instant leadership by transferring. As outgoing chairman of the parent church's official board and chairman of a long-range planning committee, he recalls the reasoning behind the step:

"We kicked around the possibility of adding on to St. Paul's, but there were space limitations for both the structure and parking. We also considered disposing of the old property and moving out to a new and larger site, but we didn't want to give up our central-city ministry. Finally, we arrived at the alternative of splitting into two congregations and starting a second church. There was overwhelming agreement that the two-church approach would help Methodists serve the Helena area best in the years ahead."

Says the Rev. Bob Phelps, orga-



St. Paul's Pastor George Harper, buttonholed by a questioning teen-ager at a new-member pancake luncheon, places major emphasis on youth ministries. At right, the senior Methodist Youth Fellowship holds what members call a "rouser," a service of worship patterned after liturgy used by the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago.

nizing pastor of Covenant Church:

"We felt all along it would be fairly easy to build a large Methodist church in a new housing development such as this. But we've shied away from that idea. Most of our people have been active in discussion groups at St. Paul's which have been focusing on what the mission and strategy of a servant church really should be. We finally came up with the concept of the covenanted community—people who willingly commit themselves responsibly with each other in the total life of the church."

This commitment involves, as befits the name of the congregation itself, a special written covenant signed by families at a membership service when they take the regular Methodist vows. They agree to strict disciplines—regular prayer, Bible reading, worship, giving, witness, and service—all designed to make church membership really mean something. The member must renew his covenant annually to keep on the active rolls.

"There are no lifetime charter members here," says Pastor Phelps,

who was born in India of Congregational missionary parents. "It's one year at a time, and technically we're all on probation."

Involvement is the watchword for both the congregations. "We try to make it impossible for people to commit themselves to Jesus Christ and his church and then sit on the sidelines," says Mr. Harper. "They mustn't be allowed to mouth an intellectual 'yes' and then sidestep the consequences of their church-membership vow. Through membership-preparation classes and lay-training groups, we lay heavy emphasis on the fact that the Christian never gets his diploma."

BOTH pastors attribute the vitality of their congregations to a laity trained and stimulated in a dozen groups called "The Twelve." Loosely patterned after the national lay movement promoted by the Methodist General Board of Evangelism, most of these study and mission cadres involve Bible study. Others have centered around liv-

ing-room dialogues with Roman Catholics, a free-wheeling "discovery" group which borders on group therapy, and a secular film series using such motion pictures as *David and Lisa*, *Bad Day at Black Rock*, and *The Hustler*.

One of the most popular groups attracts 15 to 20 men each Monday morning at 6:30. They recently completed a study series on contemporary theology, thrashing out, over coffee and jelly rolls, the ideas of Barth, Bultmann, Brunner, Buber, and Bonhoeffer as well as the death-of-God theologians.

The Twelve groups, says Mr. Harper, have been the single biggest catalyst for renewal in St. Paul's, and from them emerged the thinking that led to formation of the Covenant congregation. To start the new church, St. Paul's pledged \$100,000 over a three-year period to support a pastor and build a first unit which is a combination parsonage and meeting hall for worship. Church school, youth activities, and women's work all are conducted in conjunction with the parent church. Even as

Covenant becomes more autonomous and self-supporting, the two congregations expect to continue close co-ordination of their programs in community service, visitation and evangelism, canvassing, and probably also in office administration and record-keeping.

Two other preaching points are attached to the Helena "parish," and lay speakers often conduct the services at East Helena and Clancy, 5 and 12 miles from the town, respectively. In addition, St. Paul's and Covenant conduct come-as-you-are summer services for the

many who spend summer weekends at nearby Canyon Ferry Lake.

This teamwork has prevented needless duplication of effort and spending. It also has helped church leaders resist the temptation to force rigid institutional structures on the Covenant congregation at a time when it wants freedom and flexibility to experiment with unconventional patterns of being the church.

Where Covenant goes next is up for grabs. One leader, noting that a \$100,000 to \$200,000 building can hardly be justified for once-a-week

use, declares that whatever is built—perhaps a large multipurpose educational center, or maybe even several house churches—must be designed for through-the-week activities.

One idea is to develop the church as a center for retreat and seminar groups, since a state capital has a constant influx of professional groups and others interested in Christian citizenship and good government. Other possible mission projects include nursery day care for working mothers, a kindergarten, or released-time religious instruction classes during the week for children in a nearby school; a ministry to nurses, patients, and visitors at a new hospital being built near Covenant; a first-rate bookstore (St. Paul's did more than \$1,000 in business from its book racks last year), and a coffeehouse.

"Clearly, this is not a slum," says Pastor Phelps. "Our program must be aimed primarily at middle-class young families with several children. At the same time, many of our people are determined to stay out of the trap of becoming a smug and self-content suburban club-church."

With St. Paul's, the Covenant congregation is already planning to help establish another new Methodist church in a growing area north of town. There is also talk of a mission effort in Last Chance Gulch, the unsightly old section which is Helena's nearest thing to a ghetto.

Methodists of both congregations are active in providing a Sunday school for children at Stewart Homes, a housing project for low-income families. Mrs. John Hollow, who also serves as membership and evangelism chairman and as senior MYF sponsor, heads a team of some eight teachers including a worker with retarded children, a high-school counselor and football coach, and a teen-ager who hopes to be an Olympic skier.

Pastor Harper is no Bob Richards (of Wheaties fame) but does coach pole-vaulting at the high school, where his sons have been athletic standouts.



About 40 children are registered in the Stewart Homes Sunday school and attendance averages about 30. Mrs. Hollow quickly explains that many of the children come from homes shattered by divorce, alcoholism, crime, lack of proper medical care, poor education, and unemployment. "These kids are starved for attention," she says, "and they take your heart."

On Sunday afternoons, underprivileged youngsters from the Last Chance Gulch neighborhood crowd into The Diggin's coffeehouse to play games on the old brewery barrels which serve as tables, and have refreshments such as the "red eye" punch left over from the previous evening.

With the help and encouragement of a layman and Pastor Harper's wife, Dorothy, a group of college and career kids who call themselves the KKK's keep the coffeehouse open three nights a week and on weekends.

A late-hour hangout when everything is closed except the bars, it draws teen-agers of all faiths and none, students from Helena's Catholic Carroll College, folk singers—

just about anybody hunting for a warm, friendly spot and a cup of hot coffee on a cold winter night.

The Diggin's predates even the legendary Methodist minister named William Wesley Van Orsdel. Called Brother Van and "the best loved man in Montana," he established churches and preached in saloons all over the state as he rode the circuit in rowdy mining camps of the West in the 1870s. Brother Van helped start a deaconess home for children at Helena which still thrives, and he also led in forming Montana Wesleyan University, later to become a part of Rocky Mountain College at Billings. He is buried at the foot of a large granite boulder in the cemetery north of Helena.

His pioneer Christian spirit lives on in the mission outreach and concern for human need by modern Montana Methodists. St. Paul's at Helena, the century-old congregation that split itself to grow, is demonstrating afresh Brother Van's brand of bold faith. And don't discount faith in a state which produces 97 percent of the nation's mustard seed. □



The Diggin's, a coffeehouse symbolized by pick, shovel, and shepherd's crook, originally was an old miner's shack and the first church in Helena.

The coffeehouse is a popular hangout for Helena's teen-agers and collegiate crowd. Mrs. Harper, center, is an adviser.



Teens Together

By DALE WHITE



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz.
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"Mom, I've decided to try to be perfect this year. Will you mind having someone hanging around the house who is perfect?"

IN OCTOBER a girl wrote to say that life had lost all meaning for her. She did something wrong once, and her sadistic community would not let her forget it. She became the scapegoat of the school. People were even putting dirty notes on her locker. All the churches and Sunday schools in her town must have been closed down years ago because apparently no one had heard about forgiveness.

Now a thoughtful letter has come from a girl who lived through a similar experience. Her words reveal the way a little redemptive ripple can start and spread out in all directions:

"I have written this letter especially for N.M. in the October *Teens Together* [page 58]. I would like her to know that I had a very unhappy experience similar to hers.

"At the age of 14 I thought I was the most unhappy girl in the world. I, too, cried every night and was hated by kids my age. Finally I reached the point where I felt like I could not live any longer. One night my parents were out, and I was going to commit suicide. I became very afraid of this feeling, though, so I made

myself call my minister. I had never even spoken to him before. As soon as I called, he came right over and had a long talk with me. After that, I talked to him every week, and I began to see that life really was worth living. It does take a while to realize this when one has such terrible problems, but my decision to give life a try was one I never regretted.

"My minister also helped me to find friends. From the first few friends, I gained more friends, and I soon found out that I belonged just as much as anyone.

"I now am 19 and a junior in college. I am majoring in psychology and intend to become a clinical psychologist. I gained from my unhappy experience because in my profession I'll be of greater help since I know what it feels like to be unwanted. My experience caused me to choose this profession. I want to help those with problems like I had.

"I have found out how wonderful life really is, and I'm sure N.M. can, too, if she'll only talk to her minister or some adult who can help. I didn't think anyone could help me until I tried, so please, N.M., give it a try."—A.K.

I am a girl, 16. There is a certain guy that keeps asking me out. I don't think he has a very good reputation, but he has expressed the desire to improve himself. I want him to go to church, not for me but for himself. He has good qualities. I think he just needs a different outlook on life. We are the same religion, and he has wanted to go to church with me, but my parents don't want me to associate with him at all, even in church. I think it is every person's duty to try to bring people closer to the church and to God. Do you think going to church with him could be the wrong move?—R.R.

Parents are always more cautious about this kind of thing than young people—maybe because they know a good reputation is like a good credit rating; you seldom realize its full value until you lose it. Your folks may also sense that *nobody* can get so mixed up as a girl trying to reform a fellow. When love, sexual attraction, and the mothering instinct all start boiling in the same kettle with reforming zeal and the temptation to try to be a rescuer to someone, something is bound to blow.

I'd say invite him to worship and

MYF, and ask your friends to help make him feel welcome. But leave him free to decide for himself, and avoid pressuring him by promising dates only if he changes.

You can respect the wishes of your parents by treating him as you treat your other friends at church, and associating with him only in groups.

Qa

I am a girl, 13. I have always been very mature mentally and emotionally, and I know my mind. For years now, I've been fascinated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I've been reading literature about the church, both for, against, and neutral. I have read the Book of Mormon.

Now, I feel very strongly about wanting to join that church. Although I am comfortable in The Methodist Church, I feel more strongly for the Mormon Church. My mother is a strong Methodist, but she usually backs down when I try to talk about religion. Because of this I don't feel like I can talk to her. I'd like to go to our pastor, but then my mom would start asking a lot of questions and trying to discourage me. What can I do?—S.V.

I discourage young people from changing faiths so drastically during the teen years. Moving to a church around the corner because your boyfriend goes there and your parents don't mind is another matter. But leaving the church in which your parents are active to join one of a radically different persuasion raises questions. Complicated and hidden motives are usually at work. I'd say continue to study the Mormon faith, visit that church once in awhile if your parents agree, but keep the family together in The Methodist Church until you graduate.

Qa

Please help us! I have been running around with the same group of girls since fourth grade. I am a sophomore now! All of us do everything together. We all keep our hair nice and clean, except one whose hair is always mashed down and greasy. She also

looks sloppy. When we go dancing, she looks hideous! Everyone stares at her and we get embarrassed. We like her very much, but would like to tell her just what she looks like. How can we tell her without hurting her? We can't think of a way.—E.D.

I know several youth counselors who have a real skill in helping girls with grooming problems. Sometimes they invite small groups of girls over to their house to show how to use the new home permanents and other hair-setting methods. You may know a counselor in MYF, Girl Scouts, 4-H, or a teacher in home management or health with whom you could discuss the problem. If a course in good grooming could be set up, you could all go to it together. Your friend would not be humiliated, and the rest of you could learn something new, as well.

It is a real credit to you that you can see that her feelings are more important than her hair.

Qa

I am a boy, 17, a high-school senior. After I graduate, I will attend a very fine Midwestern college. After college, I plan to fulfill my military obligation, and then go to medical school. This is what I want to do, but I am not positive I want to do it as soon as I get out of high school. I think I would like to travel around the country a bit, first. There are many things I would like to see and do before I go to college. If I don't, I know I'll always feel that I've missed something.

Can you give me some advice as to how I should make my decision? I can't talk to my parents, as I know they wouldn't understand.—L.M.

Your question points to a problem which campus counselors are seeing more and more often these days. Bright and conscientious students go right from high school into college, and perhaps into graduate school, without looking up from their books long enough to get acquainted with themselves. Then, maybe halfway through graduate school, the long-neglected world of feelings, spirit, and emotion begins to clamor for attention. They lose motivation, become unhappy and depressed, or begin to look at academic life as a kind of empty chess game.

For this reason, some colleges encourage students who are not doing their best work to leave for a year, get a job, find themselves, and then come back. I do not believe everyone has to go lockstep along the same

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



What is 'holy worldliness'? This phrase, from Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and more recently Alee Vidler, has often been misused, especially by those who are trying desperately to sanctify worldliness, sometimes even urging a "worldly church." Yet, the German theologian and martyr used "holy worldliness" to sum up what he expected to find in the "real man"—the bringing together of responsibility, understanding, and commitment to the world, along with a passion for living in the present. We are to love God with all there is in us, and yet we are not to compromise our earthly affections. This is, somehow, living in the world and yet not of the world.

Was the Messiah of the prophecies really Jesus? Yes—and no—which is to say that Jesus the Christ (or, the Messiah) was the leader the Hebrew people needed, but not the one they wanted. (Could this be said of us, too?)

The Messiah the prophets promised would be a ruler who combined power and wisdom with kindness. He would usher in a messianic age, when dreams of freedom and security, peace and prosperity, justice and goodness would come true. For everybody—no, only for the Jews. Contrast that with Jesus.

The Messiah would come with fire and earthquake and other manifestations of physical power. Remembering the temptation experiences of Jesus, contrast these ideas with his.

Furthermore, the Messiah would utterly destroy sinners, but Jesus is the Savior of sinners.

Unquestionably, Christ knew that he was (and is) the needed, even if not looked for, Messiah. He asked his disciples not to reveal his messiahship, yet he was crucified as a messianic pretender. He had to teach men that the only power of his messiahship is sacrificial love, that he is the Suffering Servant. It is a hard lesson for us to understand.

When does the new United Methodist Church start? Legally and actually, with the moment of union at the Uniting Conference at Dallas, Texas, April 21-May 4, 1968. The uniting of annual conferences, institutions, boards and agencies, and congregations will take more time.

T. Otto Nall, bishop of Methodism's Minnesota Area, is a former editor of CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE and author of several books. He would be happy to have your questions about faith and church. Address him in care of TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.—Editors

route and at the same pace. For some, an interesting job every summer provides enough of a change of pace. Others do best in the kind of academic program which alternates a quarter of study with a quarter of work.

I support you in your feeling that a year's break between high school and college is worth considering. With selective service coming up, this may be your only opportunity. Naturally, I would hope you might hold on to your vocational goals.

Qa

I read your advice concerning homosexuals in the March, 1967, issue of *TOGETHER* [page 44], and I feel your suggestions are incomplete in one way.

You said, "It is usually a good idea to encourage such a person to see a psychiatrist." I don't think you went far enough. Here's why:

A couple of years ago a boy with whom I'd grown up (we'd lived near each other all our lives) told me he felt he was a homosexual. He said he

knew of a psychiatrist and was going to see him. I figured that was good and encouraged him to see this doctor. The psychiatrist talked to the young man for one hour and said, "You're incurable." After that the psychiatrist worked with the young man to help him to accept the fact that he is a homosexual. And the fellow now is a confirmed homosexual.

I questioned whether the doctor, after an initial interview, could flatly state, "You're incurable." A little later, in talking to a Methodist minister who is also a chaplain and guidance counselor, I learned there are two schools of thought in psychiatry. One holds that homosexuality is incurable and the other believes that in some cases it can be cured.

So friends and relatives of a young person who feels he or she is a homosexual might do well to investigate and be sure what kind of psychiatrist they send their friend or relative to.

It is possible that the young man I knew would have become a confirmed homosexual anyway. But I'll always wonder what might have been the outcome had he seen a different psychiatrist.—S.D.

It is true that psychiatrists are pessimistic about the chances that most homosexuals will conquer their problem. But psychiatry remains the best resource available. Only a very highly trained specialist can assess the extent and nature of the difficulty and the most promising avenue of therapy.

Since people do change during the adolescent years, most specialists would hesitate to judge a person a confirmed homosexual until the early twenties.

In the case you mention, the psychiatrist may have noted overwhelming evidence that a change was unlikely to occur. In any event, only the strongest of inner emotional forces can cause a person to persist in a homosexual orientation in our society. The psychiatrist could not have caused your friend to continue in that course.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens Together*. Write to him c/o *TOGETHER*, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—EDITORS

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Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

A PREACHER dropped out of the ministry some time ago and started an investment company. He left under a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and he was very eloquent in telling why he had decided to leave the church. He wanted to get where the action is and the people are. The more he talked the more it seemed to me there was something essentially phony about the whole act. I have this feeling about people now and then but seldom express it to anyone else. I am afraid that I may reflect some essential weakness in my own character and perhaps the feeling of uncertainty and mistrustfulness is a boomerang.

Be that as it may, I must confess that I have a somewhat similar feeling toward some authors. That is why I put off reading *THE PLOT* by Irving Wallace (*Simon & Schuster*, \$6.95) for a long time. I had read Mr. Wallace's *The Chapman Report* and found it a most unsavory kind of sex study which I thought must have been written for the ignoble purpose of getting readers by appealing to the prurient feelings. Such men impress me as trying to manipulate a plot to produce the effects they want on readers, and I am never quite able to take their productions very seriously.

Well, I still have the same general feeling about this writer, and I may be wrong. He can tell a story and he can hold your interest. Once you start the book, you will stay with it to the end and find it entertaining.

The plot of *The Plot* is on a big scale—an international conference meeting in Paris which is the most crucial summit conference in history. The nations meet to decide atomic issues and determine the fate of the world.

To this meeting come people who have to see certain political leaders in order to get their own personal affairs untangled. There is, first of all,

Matthew Brennan, formerly a rising star in the state department but now under a cloud. The defection of an American scientist is laid to Brennan's charge, and the only man who can clear him is a Russian official who disappeared for a while. Now the word is that the Russian is attending the Paris conference and Brennan, accompanied by the young lady currently living with him, goes to Paris to see if he cannot wring the truth out of this man and save his own reputation and career.

Medora Hart is the sex element in the story which you may be sure Mr. Wallace will not leave out. She is a very beautiful English girl who cannot go home because an English political leader prevents her getting a visa. Medora was a call girl caught in a scandal which involved the English statesman's brother and he does not want her returning home and threatening the family stability. Incidentally, she thinks she has a way to blackmail him into changing his mind.

Jay Thomas Doyle comes to Paris to persuade Hazel Smith, a foreign correspondent and former girl friend, to supply him with the one bit of information he needs to prove that President Kennedy was killed by a Russian plot. Doyle was formerly at the top of the list as a columnist and arrogant dweller among the great. Now he has fallen from grace and takes out his frustrations in eating. He hopes to persuade Hazel to forgive and forget. Neither Doyle nor Hazel Smith quite rings true to me because their sudden transference from first-class heels to at least second-class good fellows seems to be a bit unconvincing.

Finally, there is Emmett A. Earnshaw, the former president of the United States, who is a decent but rather bumbling man trying to persuade a German tycoon not to publish a certain chapter in his new book which will damage Earnshaw's reputation. The former president's identity

is obvious enough, and while not an exciting figure and certainly no recommendation for the wisdom of our democratic method of choosing a leader, is believable.

In the midst of all this, a deeper and more diabolical plot is uncovered when Brennan suspects that the Russians and the Chinese are only pretending enmity toward each other. Actually, they are hand-in-hand and out to conquer the world. I hasten to add that not all the Russians are bad ones and not all the Chinese either. You can see now why the proper title for this book is *The Plot*.

It happens that I have just been reading Arnold Toynbee's delightful volume which he calls *Acquaintances*. This is a collection of sketches of men and women he has known in his long lifetime who, for the most part, have been connected with national and international affairs. While he discusses people he found generally admirable and always interesting, still he reveals that they are not always wise and not always virtuous. But there is in Toynbee's brief sketches a sense of big issues to be faced and great causes to serve. There is nothing of this in *The Plot*. Perhaps I am unreasonable to expect it. Yet, somehow I had the feeling that the novelist has taken little people and put them in a big setting to make their antics seem more significant and their lives more dignified. But it just does not work. My final impression was of a group of minor characters trying to play the part of heroes and heroines. Cheap people are still cheap at summit conferences.

My justification for talking so long about this one book is to suggest that there are significant lessons for us to learn in the negative thoughts that come when we know something has been left out. There are many big events happening today and there are lots of little people trying to give the impression that they are important just because they are close to them. □



The little girl's father was a Chinese magistrate, but at home her grandmother's word was law. She might not insist on breaking and binding her granddaughter's feet, but how would she react to the white foreigner and his offer to help the child's education?

My Grandmother and the Missionary

By GRACE CHI-CHEN CHAO

IT WAS a clear spring day, about 50 years ago. In our normally serene inner courtyard, the residential area of a small-town Chinese magistrate's yamen, the day commenced with subdued excitement. We were expecting an unusual visitor—a foreigner, an American missionary.

None of my family had seen a foreigner, except my father, the magistrate. However, the American missionary's visit was not intended to satisfy mere curiosity. He had been invited for a purpose. That purpose centered on me, the elder child, a four-year-old female—my mother's shame, but my father's pride.

Ordinarily, a Chinese father would not have bothered about a female child. But my father had resolved, the day I was born, to spare me the shackles of time-worn tradition, and have me brought up in the prevailing fashion of the West, for which he had great respect but little knowledge.

Luckily, the gateway was opened for him by the American missionary. Father came upon him one day in the course of his official duties. Quite overwhelmed, he spared no effort in making friends with the foreigner, who, to his delight, responded with matching enthusi-

asm. Whenever he came to our town, the missionary made a point of calling on Father.

On one such visit, Father had confided his hopes for his little daughter. The good missionary assured my father that he would be happy to help in my education. His mission was planning a school for girls in the big city, and I would be welcome there.

The missionary's offer put Father at ease, but his satisfaction was not shared by my mother and grandmother.

From the very start, my mother was opposed to my father's new-fangled notions about my upbringing. To her, there was only one way to bring up a girl-child. A girl must be taught to obey men, not to compete with them. She must become the embodiment of feminine virtues. First and foremost, she must be beautiful. Therefore, my mother argued, it was her unswerving duty to see that I had a pair of small feet—the first ingredient of beauty.

My two feet thus became a bone of contention between my parents. My father constantly had to be on the alert to prevent my mother from breaking and binding my feet, a widely practiced custom in those days. However, his greatest wor-

ry was Grandmother. She always had the last word; she presided over our household.

I can still picture Grandmother sitting in her well-cushioned chair, her white, jeweled hands toying with her silver water pipe, her tiny three-inch "golden lily" feet en-cased in red silk shoes and resting on a blue velvet footstool. Her eyes, set in an unwrinkled round face, were the very expression of laughter, with dashes of irony and whimsicality. She enjoyed nothing better than a little family intrigue while exercising her prerogatives as a mother-in-law. More often than not, she would take sides and conspire with her sons against their wives.

When my problem came up, the old lady took her usual stand against my mother, although she did not at all approve of my father's plans concerning me. When and if the day arrived, she would have plenty of time to put her foot down and stop Father's nonsense.

Meanwhile, she would show her country bumpkin of a daughter-in-law who really was mistress of the house. She went so far as to take me to live in her quarters; and, associating natural feet and freedom with masculinity, she treated me like an elder grandson, dressing me

in handsome boyish gowns. This pleased my father no end. There was no need for him to worry about my feet now that they were safely out of Mother's reach.

Thus, thanks to Grandmother's willfulness, I was able in my early years to escape the fate of many who had to suffer agonizing pain in retarding growth of their feet.

IT WAS in this family situation that my father came home one day with the happy news of the missionary's promise to take care of my education. My unpredictable grandmother's reaction was stony silence. Clearly, to her, family intrigue within the ancestral walls was one thing; farming out one's own flesh and blood to a strange, foreign mission was quite another.

Father never mentioned the subject again, for he knew that if Grandmother was ever going to come around, it would have to be of her own volition.

Several months later, Father announced the missionary's pending visit in a practiced, casual tone. Grandmother, as he had anticipated, raised no objection. To present me to my teacher meant receiving a guest in the family reception hall. It also meant that she could peek from behind the screens. Having lived a cloistered life in the inner courtyards, she would not miss such a chance for anything.

Early that eventful day, under Grandmother's watchful eye, I was thoroughly scrubbed. My hair was carefully combed, braided, and decorated with a new red-silk tassel. Then I was dressed in my holiday best, a boyish-cut maroon velvet gown with a dark-green sleeveless jacket on top. My natural feet, large and ungainly in my mother's eyes, were shod with simple black satin slippers.

Father, too, was dressed for the occasion. He wore typical mandarin attire: a blue-silk robe with cuffs shaped like a horse's hoof. The robe was decorated on chest and back with a large square of embroidered birds, the insignia of his official rank, which was also denoted by a jeweled button on the top of his mandarin hat. His shoes

were square tipped and their soles so elevated that they produced an unusual gait, often referred to as the "square step" of the mandarin.

When we had finished dressing, Cousin Li, my father's personal secretary, came to announce that the sedan chair of the foreign guest had been sighted around the corner. Father was to meet him in the front courtyard and from there escort him across two more courtyards into the inner hall, the family reception hall.

As Father started out in measured strides across the inner courtyard to the front, Cousin Li, taking my hand, followed at a distance. We in turn were followed by Grandmother, leaning on a maid-servant, and surrounded by her usual entourage—my mother, Cousin Li's wife, visiting relatives and friends, and a host of servants. Everyone wore a festive smile.

My grandmother, who boasted the smallest feet of all our relatives, was not only smiling, but flushed by her exertion. She rarely crossed the courtyards unless riding in a sedan chair. Her tiny, pointed feet were a picture of elegance in little red silk shoes, which could leave footprints in the shape of a lotus bud. But she could hardly walk. Whenever she made a step, her slender figure would undulate like a willow in a gentle wind—that, perhaps, was the purpose of foot-binding. Today she struggled forward with unusual speed. Her curiosity had the better of her.

Grandmother settled herself in a chair behind a row of tall screens. There she could peep through the openings between the screens to see what went on. The rest of the party scattered about to find peep-holes of their own. Concealed where I could see, but not be seen, I waited for Father's call.

We held our breath and waited until a tall figure appeared in the front courtyard with my father. The missionary wore a Chinese civilian formal, and I detected a long black queue hanging from under his black-satin Chinese skull-cap. Smiling and talking, the two walked up the stone steps and onto the red-pillared veranda.

At the entrance, Father stepped back, bowed, and gestured to his

guest to step in first. The foreigner bowed, declining the honor. "Ch'i-kan, ch'i-kan (How dare I, how dare I)," he mumbled in classical Chinese, while bowing low and saluting by shaking his clasped hands. "Please, please." The guest again declined. The host once more insisted. Then, smiling, they walked across the threshold together.

While all this was going on, I heard sighs of approval from behind the screens. "Wonder of wonders!" Grandmother whispered. "He is no barbarian! He is like one of us. He has good manners."

The same ritual was repeated when Father ushered his guest to the seat of honor. Only after a lot of bowing and gesturing was he finally seated.

Presently, a male servant came in with tea, served in a connoisseur's large, handleless porcelain cup, set on a silver saucer shaped like a lotus flower. A generous pinch of tender green leaves of the famous Dragon Well tea was brewed separately in each cup, whose matching lid would keep the water hot while brewing, and keep the leaves down when sipped.

TEA served this way had baffled many a foreigner, but nothing seemed to baffle our missionary. He sipped in such a manner as to suggest that he had been doing it all his life. He picked up his cup with three fingers—the thumb and the third finger holding the cup up and the index finger holding the lid down. Then, tilting the cup to let the aromatic brew flow to the brim, he sipped it with delicacy.

"He sips tea just like us!" Grandmother commented rather loudly. (She had always been appalled at us children gulping down tea. That was for peasants, she would say.)

Observing the missionary at close range, one noticed the long black queue was not really part of him. It was sewed onto his cap. The short hair framing his temples was brown. So was his moustache, shaped like a pair of buffalo horns. His face was a pinkish white; his eyes were as blue as the autumn sky. Everything about him was large: his hands, his feet.

Just then the foreign guest's

queue caught on his left ear and did not return to its proper position. Cousin Li, taking one look at me, dragged me by the pigtail out to the courtyard, where I could giggle to my heart's content.

When I returned, the foreign teacher's queue had been righted. If he had any inkling of the emotion he had caused, he showed no sign, but his eyes were sparkling with laughter when I walked up to present myself. Moving forward slowly, I stopped at a respectful distance. Then, in male fashion, I bowed three times from the waist, and saluted by shaking my own hands.

The teacher reached out to pat me on the head, and said in a rich voice with a strange but delightful accent: "Heng hao, heng hao (very good, very good), a well-behaved child." He referred to me as a child, obviously playing safe, for it was hard to tell by my clothes and manners whether I was a boy or a girl. So, the two of us, the American teacher and the Chinese student, met in disguise.

"This is my worthless little daughter," Father said, as he signalled me to stand by his side. "I hope she will grow up to be like your Western women, free and independent. Unfortunately, I do not have the knowledge or the experience to give her the proper guidance. So I entrust her entirely to you. From now on, she is yours to guide and yours to mold." Father solemnized his trust with a bow.

Returning the bow, the foreign teacher promised, in scholarly Chinese, that he would do his best for his friend's precious little daughter, and said he was profoundly touched by this unswerving trust.

The ceremony over, the missionary took a polite sip of tea and rose to leave. Father urged him to stay for dinner, but the foreign teacher was to leave our town that evening. Reluctantly my father escorted his guest to his sedan chair. They kept nodding and shaking their elapsed hands until they were out of sight of each other.

Then Father took my hand and we hurried inside the house. He was anxious to hear what impression the foreign teacher had made on Grandmother. We found her

puffing absently at her water pipe, absorbed in thought.

When she saw Father coming in, she burst into a torrent of words. "What a wonderful man! Such gracious manners! Even though he is a foreigner, he is far from being a barbarian. Look at the way he bowed, look at the way he sipped tea. Even you cannot do better."

She broke off to take a quick draught from her pipe. "I wonder what his wife is like. How many children they have? Do they value boys more than girls as we do?"

ON AND on she raved. The missionary's troublesome false queue had made her laugh, but it also touched her heart. She was sorry for the foreigner who had to leave his home and country to live among alien people. She could not understand why he should have come so far just to help strangers. But she felt sure that anyone who would do that much for other people must first be good himself.

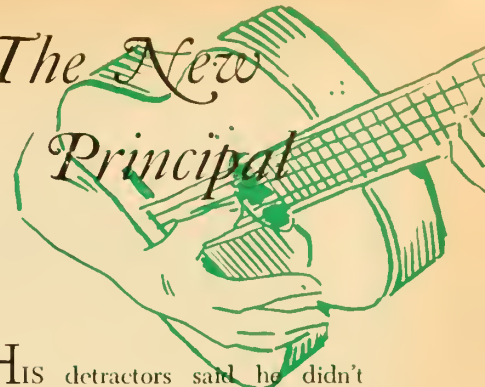
Then, gazing at Father intently, she said, stressing every word, "We must show him we are not barbarians, either. We must repay courtesy with courtesy. If he went to all that trouble to learn our ways just to please us, we should do the same for him. Now," she said, turning to me, her eyes twinkling, "if I were at your age, I would go to his school, too."

Grandmother's sudden about-face rendered Father speechless. He had mapped out a strategy for a long and drawn out family "war"—but Grandmother had contrived, as usual, to take the upper hand and leave her opponent dangling. As to my mother, she was a fatalist as far as Grandmother was concerned—for she expressed no emotion at all!

I climbed onto Grandmother's lap and hugged her. And that marked the official day of my emancipation.

However, the American missionary never knew that he was the instrument of my emancipation. He never knew that his humility in the presence of an alien culture had exerted a noble influence on a proud, self-willed Chinese woman he never met. □

The New Principal



HIS detractors said he didn't teach, that he just strolled the corridor playing his guitar. We smiled because he would have.

The stories that came trickling home from school first amazed, then delighted us. Noon lunch was a little noisy. Kids could talk. But when it got too noisy, Mr. Beach put up his hand and it got quieter. And did they ever eat! When it was something they didn't like, Mr. Beach left his, too. When it was especially good, Mr. Beach went out in the kitchen and got more.

Six-year-old Jennie wrote Santa she wanted a big red ball, Mr. Beach reported, and if we weren't able to find one, he would. Jennie was "sort of his favorite." But every day another child won similar distinction.

Bright new books came home from the blossoming school library to be returned slightly overdue, sticky—and loved.

His office was a tidy hodgepodge dominated by The Guitar which by now had become "an issue."

Phys-ed mats arrived and the school's front lawn came alive with tumbling kids.

Slow kids caught up miraculously. Bright ones got their noses out of books and tumbled and played basketball.

Our team won the big game but it was close. Mr. Beach wanted all the kids to have a chance to play.

The next week he went to the hospital for tests, perhaps an operation "to see if I have anything up here," he joked, tapping his forehead. He never came back.

Mothers and fathers and children shed tears until the small favorites, too numb to cry, became too quiet. His memorial service was held the day before Good Friday, and it seemed appropriate. The minister spoke of another Man taken away in his mid-thirties, another Man who gave so much and had so much to give. We thought of the lamentations of the Bible and we cried, "Give us a sign, O Lord, a sign."

Perhaps he had.

—JEAN B. CARTER

Looks at NEW Books

CHILDREN growing up to face our current knowledge explosion have a long way to go and a mountain of things to learn before they are adults. If their parents and teachers can remember what it is like to be a child, their way will be easier.

A good reminder is *The Child's Small World* (David C. Cook, \$1.75), which was written for Head Start teachers but which is splendidly helpful to mothers, and fathers, and church-school teachers, or anybody else working with small children. Its coauthors are Helen P. Bradley, director of the Head-Start Child Development Program for the Chicago public schools, and Jayne D. Gahagan, who is editor of *The Preschooler* and information director for Head Start in Chicago.

To guide a child to a realization of who he is, and to give him a positive self-identity, they say, we have to recognize his individual differences and his universal child-needs to belong, to achieve, to excel, to revere, to dream, and to love and be loved. Their book deals with providing the experiences to meet these needs.

If you have 11 children, life at your house is going to have its slapstick aspects, and it is these that come out, uproariously, in *But Daddy!* (Morrow, \$3.95). By Tom Buck, father of the 11, this is a funny, warm, and heartening record of a year in the Buck household.

At the Bucks, breakfast consists of a half gallon of oatmeal, two dozen eggs, two gallons of milk, two loaves of toast, and half a pound of butter. It is a home where a daughter can appropriate one of her father's discarded wooden legs to make a plant stand that wins first place in the school art show because it has "verve," where father calculates how much he is going to have to pay for milk before he gets his children raised and then goes out and buys a

cow, and where every member of the family is encouraged to become a positive, zestful member of society. You will like the Bucks—and you may be relieved because they don't live next door.

"The old Earth, a neat comprehensible pattern of Europe, Africa and Asia, with the Holy City of Jerusalem in the exact centre and the dark ocean all round, had gone for

ever. In its place was another world—bigger, more alien, more frightening, a world to whose marvels there seemed no end."

"Ideas which seemed self-evident were shattered; codes of conduct which seemed absolute were found to be relative after all."

Give or take a word or two, these quotes from *The Age of the Renaissance* (McGraw-Hill, \$24.95) could apply to today. And the 15th and 16th



Children need to feel wanted, that they belong. Good teachers give them encouragement, affection, discipline, and praise, say the coauthors of The Child's Small World.

centuries, when man reached back into the past to reclaim the heritage of Greece and Rome and out into trackless oceans to discover he was smaller than he had thought he was, were very much like our own time.

The Age of the Renaissance is a monumental book with magnificent illustrations. The text, written by a group of international experts and edited by Denys Hay, does not transmit the vitality of the age but is authoritative, and more readable than the work of experts sometimes is.

She was the only Negro child to enter a previously segregated school in New Orleans. Each day for months she walked past a mob that hurled obscenities and insults at her.

Ruby was only six years old. What does an ordeal like that do to a child of six? What makes a grown woman threaten the life of a little girl?

In *Children of Crisis* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$8.50) Robert Coles, who is a psychiatrist and an absorbing writer, gives us a moving report on Ruby and other people of the South, white and Negro, adults and children, living under the stresses of a changing society. Perhaps never before has a psychiatrist spent so much time with ordinary people caught up in extraordinary circumstances, and *Children of Crisis* is a study of courage and fear that may become a classic in its field.

Sister Corita describes herself as "a nun who taught little children for many years and now teaches big children at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles." It is art that she teaches the big children. Through her own jubilant, freewheeling posters, which are like everything we see around us and nothing we have seen before, it is the joy of responding to God that she teaches to all of us.

Footnotes and Headlines, a Play-Pray Book (Herder and Herder-United Church Press, \$6) is her first book. Or is it, rather, a game?

The words and phrases and the brilliant colors of familiar headlines and ads have text running buoyantly through and under the jumble of colors. The goal is to reveal how man carries on the work that God started and then gave to him to do.

Book or game, or both, this is the essence of creativity. And the essence of worship. Don't read it, let it happen to you.

Increasingly, Christians are finding themselves unable to accept the traditional creeds, doctrines, liturgies, or moral precepts of their churches. Yet they continue to consider themselves

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Christians, and loyal members of their respective denominations.

Is this inconsistent? To Ernest Harrison, a priest of the Anglican Church of Canada—and a Christian atheist—it is not. In *A Church Without God* (Lippincott, cloth, \$3.95; paperback, \$1.95) he calmly considers the varieties of God-is-dead theology and voices his belief that a Christian may accept any of these varieties and still be a Christian. For, in his definition, being a Christian simply means you are a follower of Christ.

This is a controversial paperback, one that could stimulate lively, even heated discussion. But I believe everybody should make a practice of reading books they don't agree with. Maybe for you this is that kind of a book.

There is a comfortable familiarity about the way Ray W. Ragsdale writes in *What Jesus Proclaimed* (Abingdon, \$3.50). This book on the basic teachings of Christ grew out of the sermons Dr. Ragsdale has preached in Arizona and California Methodist churches he has served since 1934.

You will wish that you had sat in his congregations, for within the familiarity, and the simplicity, of a strong preaching style he identifies various aspects of faith and gives a vigorous call to discipleship. "If we love Jesus," he tells us, "we will do what he says!"

Among the victims of the nazi death camps was a young German pastor and theologian whose voice continues to speak strongly today. Dietrich Bonhoeffer associated himself early with the church's resistance to Hitler and by 1940 was involved in activities aimed at the Führer's assassination and the overthrow of the nazi government. He was arrested in 1943, and after two years in various prisons was hanged in the Flossenbürg concentration camp.

I Knew Dietrich Bonhoeffer (Harper & Row, \$4.95) is a collection of reminiscences by his sister and friends edited by Wolf-Dieter Zimmermann and Ronald Gregor Smith. Usually volumes like this are inept and repetitious, but this one gives us a rounded and appealing picture of the pastor, the theologian, the brother, the friend, and the prisoner about whom his prison pastor said: "Often he was the pastor and I was the prisoner."

His *Letters and Papers From Prison* (Macmillan, \$4.95) appear in a new hard-cover edition that has been thoroughly revised and has a foreword by Eberhard Bethge, to whom many of the letters were addressed. And we



"Excuse me, but I've never hurled anything at an embassy before. Is there a special technique?" asks a rioter in *All Thumbs*.

have now, too, a new volume of his collected writings, *The Way to Freedom* (Harper & Row, \$4.50). This contains letters, notes, and lectures Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote between 1935 and 1939, a period filled with decision and commitment for him. Some were written from Finkenwalde, the secret seminary for young ministers who defied the nazi ban on ordinations by the Confessing Church. Letters between Karl Barth and Dietrich Bonhoeffer take up the nature of the true church. And diary excerpts covering Bonhoeffer's second American visit in 1939 help to explain why he made the difficult decision to return to Berlin even though he had been placed on the Gestapo's list of known enemies of the Third Reich.

New Yorker cartoonist Warren Miller sometimes signs his letters "Warren Miller #5" because he shares the name with a late novelist, a well-known skier, an Off-Off Broadway actor and playwright, and a New York City typewriter service. He signs his cartoons "W Miller," and these are like no other contemporary cartoons. His animals look like animals, his people look like people, his ideas are rooted in our times and in our culture.

His psychiatrist is not afraid to growl: "That was a stupid, childish, idiotic thing to say!" His damsel is not distressed, she does the frug with the dragon. His people say what they think about manifestations of culture—confronted by the Sphinx, a young lady exclaims: "My goodness! It sure is offbeat!" In other words, his people are not stampeded by circumstances, and if they swim against the

stream, they always do it with style.

A satisfying number of his cartoons have been gathered together in *All Thumbs* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.95). I recommend it.

"Como México no hay dos," they say south of the border—there are no two like Mexico. But neither is Mexico all one. It is a land of contrasts, writes Walter Hanf in a book that gives a quick overview of our neighbor to the south.

Mexico (Rand McNally, \$9.95 before Christmas, \$12.50 after) sparkles with so many brilliant color photographs it will make you want to take a winter vacation there right now. But this is not merely a travel book. Hanf, a European journalist who has lived and worked in Mexico for several years, looks back through the country's history to the Indians who built the pyramids and temples that still stand there, and forward at the energetic slum clearance programs being conducted by the Mexican government to give its citizens hope for a better tomorrow. Hanf is overoptimistic about the possibility of curbing poverty—Mexico has a frighteningly high birth rate. But his enthusiasm for his adopted country is genuine, and readers will find themselves sharing it.

By 1975, many population experts say, the lesser developed nations are going to be in the midst of famines like none the world has ever known. Tens of millions of people will starve because the earth's food supply is being blotted up by its swelling population. Even in America, grain surpluses are dwindling rapidly.

William and Paul Paddock, who have lived in and worked in developing nations, put it bluntly in *Famine 1975! America's Decision: Who Will Survive?* (Little, Brown, \$6.50). When the Time of Famines begins, they say, only the United States will have extra grain for a starving world, and it will have to make the tragic choice between nations that can utilize its surplus to survive and nations that already are beyond help. The next 10 years will determine how successfully this country can gird itself to sustain this responsibility and lead the world through to a time when the famines have subsided and surviving nations can create their own form of "better world."

William Paddock is an agronomist; Paul Paddock served in the U.S. Foreign Service for 21 years.

In spite of predictions of inevitable world disaster, many groups of private citizens are going determinedly about the hard job of alleviating hunger, disease, and ignorance. One of these is Oxfam, the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, which was established during the waning years of World War II by a group of English people who wanted to help provide food for victims of the European blockade.

Oxfam now tackles famine and deprivation in the less privileged areas of the world. Mervyn Jones reports on its work in *In Famine's Shadow* (Beacon, \$4.95). Like other relief agencies, Oxfam knows very well the pit of world hunger is bottomless, and it spends a substantial part of its attention on generating basic social reforms. In helping the hungry feed themselves it demonstrates that the hope of self-help is the most nourishing gift that can be provided to the destitute.

As recently as the late 1800s a young girl's boredom was responsible for the discovery of paintings that shook the archaeological world of that day. It was in a cave in Spain, where a Spanish aristocrat was patiently sifting dirt from the cave's floor in the hope of finding artifacts to start a private collection. His young daughter wandered off, only to hurry back moments later crying: "Come look, Papa! Bulls! Painted bulls!" She had found mankind's oldest known works of art: magnificent paintings of animals left on the ceiling of the cave by prehistoric artists.

Robert Silverberg tells about it in *The Morning of Mankind* (New York Graphic Society, \$4.95). This totally absorbing book is concerned with prehistoric men in Europe, and Silverberg's joy in his subject is the con-

tagious kind. Everybody from boys and girls to grandpa will enjoy this book that never forgets the common humanity of man.

During World War I, a young captain in the Irish Guards started writing letters home to his two children about an imaginary doctor in an imaginary English village who loved animals so much he gave up his human practice to become a doctor to them. He even learned to speak animal language, and his adventures with his pets and patients were wondrous indeed.

These letters, by Hugh Lofting, eventually turned into the *Doctor Doolittle* stories that enchanted millions of children all over the world. Before Lofting was through spinning stories about the lovable doctor, they filled 12 volumes. Many of the chapters, while part of the continuing story, were complete incidents in themselves. Now today's children can find a generous sampling of them in *Doctor Doolittle, A Treasury* (Lippincott, \$4.95). With them are 65 of the original drawings with which Lofting illustrated his own stories. This book is an irresistible introduction to the whole series. If you start reading it aloud to your preschooler, you will be educating his ear to the very best kind of writing. When he learns to read, he will delight in reading it himself. And if you want to relive choice moments of your own childhood by rereading these selections, well, really, who is going to stop you?

For families that like to read aloud at Christmastime *Jean McKee Thompson* has compiled familiar and unfamiliar poetry and prose into an attractive anthology.

Our Own Christmas (Beacon, \$5.95) ranges from Charles Dickens and John Greenleaf Whittier to Betty Smith and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Everybody will find something in it to like.

A few busy months in the life of an eight-year-old English boy can be shared by readers of *Mossy Trotter* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.25). Mossy has an outing in his grandfather's red sports car, has his tonsils removed, helps welcome a new baby to the family, gets lost with his little sister, and serves as a reluctant page boy in a fashionable London wedding.

Elizabeth Taylor (the novelist, not the actress) tells the story from Mossy's humorous, sometimes devastatingly frank point of view. Boys and girls Mossy's age, or a little younger, will enjoy it. —BARNABAS



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"He can't draw half as well as I can," thought Katie.

A Very Young Artist

By HELEN PETTIGREW

KATIE couldn't understand why Grandma praised Teddy so much for his drawing. You'd think three-year-old Teddy was a famous artist the way Grandma showed the picture to everyone. It certainly wasn't a great painting. All Teddy had done was scribble on paper with red and yellow crayons. The lines went every which way, and you couldn't even tell what it was.

"It's a beautiful sunset," Grandma explained as she put it on the mantel. "Teddy drew it for me as a birthday present."

"It just isn't fair," Katie muttered to herself. "Teddy's getting all the attention and he can't even draw half as well as I can."

She didn't see how Mom and Grandma could really like Teddy's picture, but here they were, telling him what a good artist he was.

A little later in the day, Katie decided to set up her dollhouse in the living room. She was busily arranging the tiny furniture when she heard a crash from the kitchen.

"Katie, come here quickly!" her mother called from the doorway. "Teddy's just knocked over the cookie jar. Please take him to play with you. Grandma and I can't watch him while we're getting dinner ready."

"Oh, all right," Katie answered,

walking slowly toward the kitchen.

He's a regular nuisance, Katie thought. He's always getting into something or having to be looked after.

"Come on," she said, giving him a little push into the living room.

Teddy smiled and ran toward the dollhouse. Katie hurried to catch him before he got to it.

"No, Teddy, play with this instead," she said, handing him a sheet of paper and some crayons. "You're too little to play with my dollhouse. Take this paper and draw me a picture. Look around the room and draw what you like best."

Teddy took the paper and crayons and sat down by the fireplace. He picked up a blue crayon and made a few squiggles on the paper. Next he took the green and was happily at work.

Katie watched for a few minutes before she went back to her dollhouse. She had just put a chair and tiny doll in the upstairs bedroom when Teddy got up and danced around the room shouting, "I'm fru! I'm fru!"

"What? Already?" Katie frowned. "Draw another picture. Draw everything in the room."

"I've drawn all I like," Teddy said hopping up and down. "See?" he

cried, holding the sheet of multi-colored zigzag lines in front of Katie. Puzzled, she said:

"Oh my! It must be the staircase."

"It's not," shouted Teddy. "Don't you see the eyes?"

"Oh, then it's one of my dolls," Katie said.

"It's not, it's not!" answered Teddy.

"Don't you see the hair?"

"Then you saw a dog out of the window. It's a dog, right?" asked Katie.

"Dogs aren't pretty," said Teddy. "Can't you see, it's you!"

"You know I don't look like . . ." Katie stopped before she finished. She saw Teddy's bright eyes as he waited for her to praise his picture. He looked so happy and pleased with his work.

"It's a lovely picture," she said hugging him tightly. "I think it's even better than Grandma's sunset."

When Grandma and Mom came in from the kitchen, Katie proudly showed them her portrait. They both told Teddy how good it was and he beamed as he looked up at them.

"It will go on the mantel next to your picture, Grandma," Katie said, for suddenly she understood why Grandma thought her birthday picture was so beautiful. It was the love that was in it. □

Add-a-Page Picture Book



ADD-A-PAGE picture books are easy and fun to make. You will need several plastic covers (all of the same size) such as those which come on shortening or coffee cans, a two-inch notebook ring, and some glue.

Collect some of your favorite pictures if the picture book is for yourself. If it is to be a gift, find pictures which would interest the receiver—horses, recipes for Mom, or maybe a ring of jokes for a friend who is sick.

Make a small hole in each lid about one half inch from the edge. Glue a picture on each side of the plastic cover and slip the cover onto the ring. More pictures are easily added as you get more lids. These picture books would make especially nice gifts for younger brothers or sisters.

—Valrie Geier



IF I MET A GIANT

I wish a great giant
Someday I could see,
As wide as a house,
And as tall as a tree.

His voice like the thunder,
His laugh like a quake,
His footsteps so heavy
The whole ground would shake.

His eyebrows like bushes
With dark holes beneath,
(He'd use a big hairbrush
For cleaning his teeth!)

Like rowboats his shoes
And spaghetti his hair,
He'd do all the things
I'm too little to dare.

I'd face any danger
With laughter defiant
If I were the friend of
A storybook giant!

—Christina Seibert





THE REVOLUTION IN TODAY'S FEDERAL PRISON SYSTEM

By MARJORIE HOPE

ON THE wall of the warden's office of the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Conn., hangs a quotation from Goethe:

If you treat an individual as he is, he will stay as he is. But if you treat him as if he were what he ought to be and could be, he will become as he ought to be and could be.

Today federal prison officials all over the country are putting that philosophy into actual practice. Their emphasis is on a realistic appraisal of what an individual *could* be. In the process, they have found that they themselves are learning more about what men can be. They are making surprising discoveries about what the community can be, and do, as well.

Recently, the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice called for a "revolution in the way America thinks about crime." Within the federal prisons, that revolution has begun.

According to Myrl E. Alexander, director of the Bureau of Prisons in the Department of Justice, "We have seen that there is something wrong with a system which isolates a man from society, then expects him to adjust to it again automatically. In terms of offenders' contributions to society after release, the traditional prison is almost a failure. There has been a return rate of about 40 percent on federal prisoners, and most parole violations occur during the first months after release. Hence, our new approach is oriented to the offender's release and adjustment to the community."

Today's programs include work-release, study outside the prison, more realistic vocational training inside the institution, halfway houses, and closer liaison with private voluntary agencies. Clergy and laymen already have played an active part in making these projects a reality.

Federal prison officials consider work-release the most significant of all the programs because it dramatizes the breakthrough into the community. In 1965, Congress passed the Prisoner Rehabilitation

Aet, a broadly worded law authorizing residential treatment centers, extension of limits of confinement, and work furlough. Prison officials have evolved these rules of work-release:

- The men must return to the institution immediately after work.
- Only those serving the last six months of their sentences are eligible.
- Prisoners committed for crimes of sex or violence and any who were involved in organized crime are not included.

- Young prisoners—because they possess the greatest potential for change—are given preference.

As of January, 1967, 2,096 inmates in 29 of the 30 federal institutions (all but the U.S. Women's Reformatory at Alderson, W.Va.) have gone on work-release. While most prisoners have worked in factories, employment has ranged from painting to clerking in an office.

'Something Steady'

To see the work-release program in action, I made two visits to Danbury, talked with prison officials, work-releasees, and employers.

"We're quite excited about this," said Warden Frank Kenton. "It's not for everybody, of course. But it has great impact on many who were just mired."

"It's gone far beyond our expectations," said John Waters, director of employment placement at Danbury. "I'd say it's a spectacular success. But don't take my word for it—talk to the men themselves, in private."

In the clean, almost cheerful dining hall of the prison, one young Negro told of his job as milling-machine operator. "I want to stay on in Danbury, 'stead of returning to Harlem. Back there, well—here, it's peaceful, they treat you fine, I got a feeling like I'm a man." His only trouble had been that other workers resented his often topping their quotas.

A lean, blue-eyed youth, imprisoned for driving cars over the state line, had learned a *real* trade—business-machine repairing—for the first time. "Why should I go

back to that old life? I got something steady now. My wife likes it. She's got me thinking we should be having kids when I get out."

A burly self-styled "old-timer," who declared he was too hardened to tell me things I'd want to hear, described the program as the one thing all the men were working for. "Before, this place was a complete waste—one big vacuum. Now they're letting in a little air. You can get out and *do* something. My life might have been different if they'd had something like this 20 years ago."

In New York, a week later, I met a young former prisoner whose life

while you begin to think of other things—getting married, having kids, building up a future. Fact is, I'm doing so well now—and I think the work-release program's so great—that I volunteered to teach printing at the halfway house here in New York."

No Special Treatment

On my second visit to Danbury, I talked with employers. At the Heli-Coil Corporation—makers of insert coils—the personnel manager told me that the prisoners were good workers, and had such a near-perfect attendance record that he suspected they would have to be

'... there is something wrong with a system which isolates a man from society, then expects him to adjust to it again automatically. . . . Hence, our new approach is oriented to the offender's release and adjustment to the community.'

had been changed by the program. "Joe" was the first man at Danbury to go on work-release. "Why did I want to be the first?" Joe spooned sugar into his coffee. "Simple. I got tired walking round in circles in that old prison yard. I wanted to walk in a straight line again."

Quiet, well-mannered, and neatly dressed in a trim business suit, Joe spoke with surprising ease of his feelings on that first day—November 29, 1965. "Nervous? Sure I was. But I knew I had to make a go of it—I had to prove a point. The other guys depended on me." He grinned suddenly. "Well, I made it, all right. I'm a pretty good printer—you know I went in for counterfeiting—and when my co-worker in the printing shop showed me how to do the job, I saw his method was awkward. So I asked his permission, very politely, to do things my way. We ended up friends."

"Did you ever think of escaping?"

"You think I'm crazy? I should gamble freedom for a few months against looking over my shoulder for the rest of my life? Unh-uh! I'm a calculating thinker. And after a

near death to stay away.

His secretary smiled. "They're getting along fine," she said. "We don't hold them at arm's length—or do anything special for them, either. We just treat them like everybody else."

When I asked fellow employees about their feelings in working next to convicts, one answered laconically, "They're okay." A white-haired lady offered brightly: "They're *awfully* polite—they always hold the door open for me." Said another worker: "Had Bill home for lunch the first week. The wife said to bring him again."

"You see, *everybody's* benefiting," Mr. Waters explained to me later. "Employers have discovered it's good business, because work-releasees are reliable—so highly motivated that they often outstrip the other workers. In Danbury, 34 employers have asked for our men. And they pay well—the average is over \$100 a week. Here, and in other parts of the country, personnel managers volunteer to speak on work-release to business groups.

"Our men join unions, vote at all

the meetings. Out of 250 work-releasees in Danbury, only five men have escaped. And three of them turned themselves in, while the fourth says he tried to phone the prison before he was picked up. The fifth was found here in town—drunk. Employers of all five asked that the men be allowed to return to work.

"Prisoners' families—who generally take the worst beating—used to go on relief in most cases. Now, the men can bring home—or send home—the bacon. They become the working heads of families again."

Work-Releasees Pay Taxes

Taxpayers no longer need to support those families, Mr. Waters pointed out. In fact, work-releasees are paying taxes, as well as \$14 a week to the government for room and board. Up to the end of 1966, work-release prisoners across the country had earned over \$2,000,000, and paid over \$300,000 in taxes.

Work-release has also helped vocational programs inside the prison, Mr. Waters went on. Formerly, institutions often trained men for jobs for which there was little demand. Now some local companies send in supervisors and up-to-date equipment to train future work-releasees for working in their plants. In federal prisons today, men are being prepared for automated data-processing, card-punching, and electronics positions. But the best training, he felt, is that obtained on the job outside the prison.

"And the men themselves—what has happened to them?" I asked.

"They've acquired a new sense of dignity. When they apply for the next job, they don't have to cringe, and worry about that hole they'd have to leave on the record—they can say their last place of employment was X company. And the company will give them a reference."

"Before, they walked out of here with \$20, maybe \$30, from the government. Who can live on that till he gets a job and his first pay? Is it any wonder so many freed convicts get into trouble again, their first week out? Now they can walk away with savings in their pockets. It starts them on a whole new set of values."

"A few weeks ago one work-re-

lease man told me, 'You know, Mr. Waters, I used to spend my time trying to figure out how to get a gun with that 20 bucks release money. Now I lie in bed nights thinking, how'm I going to get into college with only an equivalency diploma? And get the money? I've already had three raises at Bard-Parker. Well, I've decided the best way to tackle this is to stay here after I get out, and work for that money at Bard-Parker.'"

According to Warden Kenton, the major surprise has been the community response. "We'd always assumed that people 'outside' were apathetic. It's not the case at all. Here, and in other federal prisons, we've learned that people do want to give the men a second chance. Employers, union leaders, workers don't want to be martyrs, but they do like to do the little things they *can* do. It gives everybody satisfaction."

"The other big discovery is that the prisoners are very receptive to society's values. Give them a chance to develop a skill and get established, and they begin to think of starting a savings account, buying a bungalow, planning an education for their children. They don't want to give up steady pay, pensions, fringe benefits, for a life of insecurity. They're making money, and success tastes pretty good."

These men come to realize many new things, the warden observed. In being exposed to middle-class people, usually for the first time, they discover that the "good people" they have been looking at with envy all their lives have headaches, too. If these men have worried about paying their rent, the middle-class people are worried about meeting the mortgage. The men also learn it is no longer true that "nobody will hire a con."

Other Programs

The success with work-release is stimulating the development of other programs in federal prisons.

Under the 1965 law, inmates may go outside the institution for education. Now, about 50 prisoners at any given time are attending high schools, colleges, or technical schools throughout the country.

More halfway houses—prerelease

guidance centers—have been set up. They are primarily directed to the needs of young offenders (aged 17 to 32) because studies show that three fourths of those arrested for major crimes are younger than 25. For two to three months after their release from formal prisons, the men live in these houses where they receive vocational training or work by day.

Skilled vocational counselors and psychologists are on hand to help them meet problems they may not have faced before: how to take criticism on the job, how to get along with a cranky co-worker, how to meet nice girls. Since 1961, when the program began with two houses, more than 1,700 prisoners have gone through these centers. By the end of this year, there will be nine. Figures show that 75 percent of the halfway-house "graduates" have been successful (have not violated their parole); this is true of only 40 percent of those released under usual circumstances.

Need Individual Attention

Counseling and therapeutic techniques are used increasingly. In the work-release program, group therapy sessions center on discussion of job problems. In the halfway houses, group therapy may be used for discussion of personal problems. Many psychologists feel, however, that what the average prisoner needs most is some individual attention. Social work is being carried out more intensively with prisoners' families, also.

In 1966, a new federal law was passed which spells out what criminologists have held for years: narcotic addicts should be considered sick people, not criminals. Hence, to supplement the care now given at two U.S. public-health hospitals, two special treatment centers are being set up.

One question that remains controversial is the degree of freedom a prisoner may enjoy in his family relations. In most American prisons, visits of spouses are brief, infrequent, and lacking in privacy. In many prisons, homosexuality has become a tremendous problem. Some officials have pointed out that sexual frustration leads to more aggressiveness, that being treated as

someone not quite worthy of normal sexual and family life cuts away the prisoner's self-respect. Only the Mississippi state penitentiary allows conjugal visits; officials there feel they promote family closeness and provide an incentive to merit that privilege.

Most federal prison officials, however, oppose the conjugal visit. They feel it overemphasizes the physical aspects of marital relationships, contributes to the tensions of inmates who are single, and would meet public opposition because it seems to run counter to American mores.

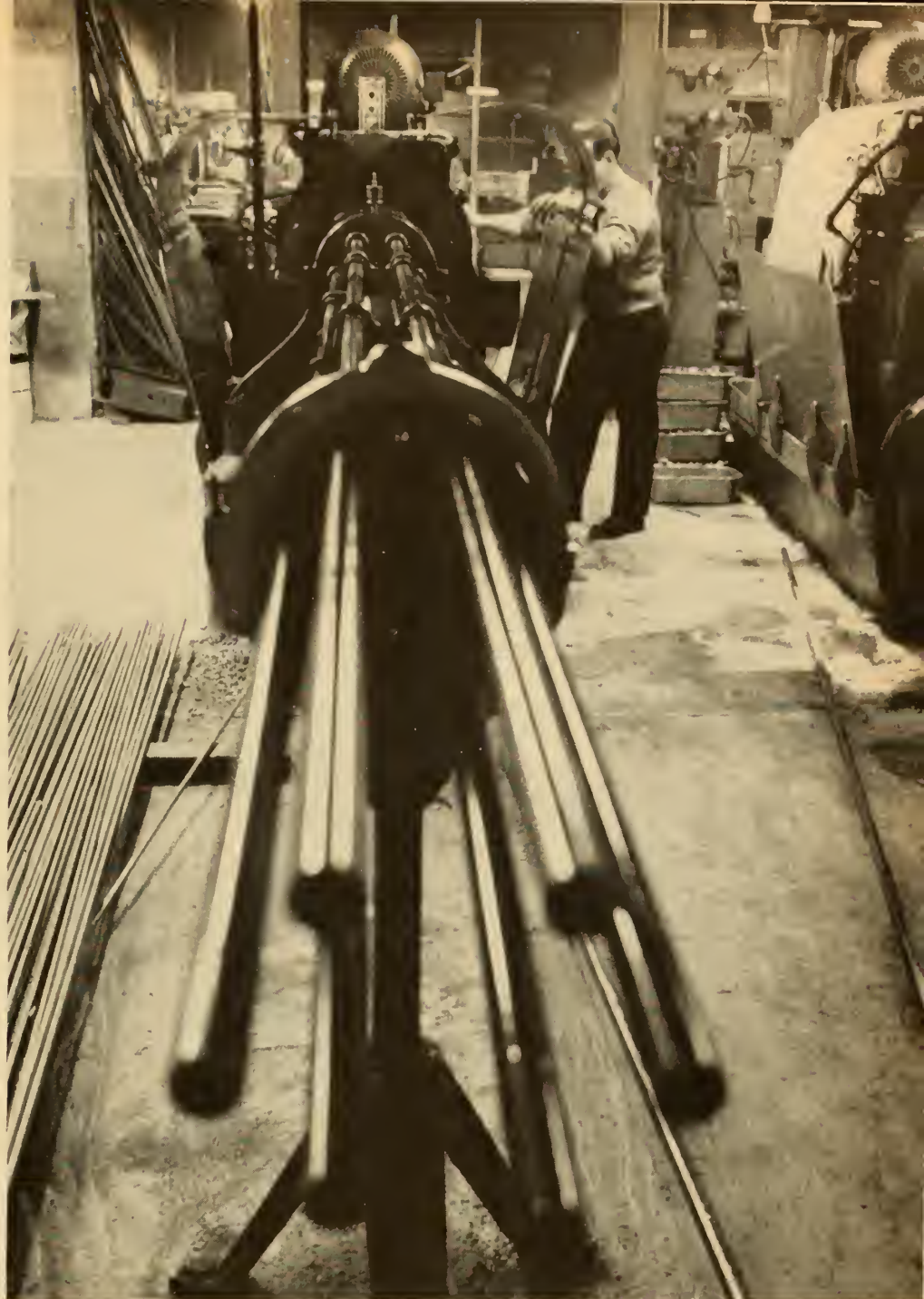
Says Warden Kenton: "Conjugal visits would serve no worthwhile purpose. Do they really satisfy the emotional needs of either the prisoner or spouse? As for the children—it's true that some contact with the parent is important, especially if he is incarcerated for a long time. But each case is individual. Visits must be thought of in terms of total needs."

Instead of conjugal visits, unescorted family furloughs will soon be tried as a means of gradually reintegrating the prisoner into normal life. (Until now, unescorted furloughs have been allowed only for special reasons, such as attending a funeral.) Only certain trusted inmates will be eligible; decisions will be based on individual treatment needs, and on whether the furlough will strengthen family ties. Because most Americans have grown up with a puritan ethic that tends to divide people into the "good" and the "bad," weekend furloughs touch a sensitive area of public response. As in the work-release program, success of the plan will depend on community acceptance.

Churches Must Help

Precisely because of this need for community support, clergymen and church members can be of great service.

"The work-release program would never have gotten off the ground without the help of the churches," says Warden Kenton. "By preaching from the pulpit that 'thou shalt not cast the first stone,' ministers helped prepare the people. Then they worked with other



Chester C. is one of nearly 2,100 federal prison inmates who hold jobs "on the outside." "I've got something steady now," one prisoner said. "Why . . . go back to that old life?"

community leaders to open up jobs."

At Danbury, and in several other federal institutions, seminars are held for clergymen to help them interpret the needs of prisoners to their parishioners.

Some clergymen have worked in federal prerelease guidance centers as counselors. Others have set up their own halfway houses; St. Leonard's House, run by the Episcopal Diocese in Chicago, is perhaps the best-known example.

In some cases, old church buildings have been converted into halfway houses. The federal prerelease guidance center in New York, for instance, is housed in part of the Presbyterian Christ Church. Some of the prisoners in this center have volunteered their services to the church.

Directors of these centers welcome volunteers, particularly to help run sports, dramatics, and hobbies programs. They feel, too, that laymen can inject a new spirit into

the group discussions at halfway houses. Finally, they point out that young offenders in these houses need mature confidant-advisers, similar to the Big Brothers who have proved so helpful to juvenile delinquents.

Just as many Americans today open their homes to foreign students, families who care can offer hospitality to young offenders about to start off on their second chance. They can co-operate with local ministerial associations that are seeking to make work-release positions available. Methodists can contact their General Board of Christian Social Concerns in Washington, D.C., which has an excellent action program in this area. In so doing, they may come to see that today their own minister needs to do more than shepherd his own flock; he must go out into the world.

"In this new community-oriented approach, the laity *has* to be involved," says the Rev. Kieth C. Wright, staff adviser to the federal chaplaincy committee in the Department of Ministry of the Na-

tional Council of Churches. "Moreover, there is a proposal before Congress to establish a unified U.S. corrections service to take over the functions of the present Bureau of Prisons, and assume major responsibility for probationaries and parolees—since at the present time the federal courts have responsibility for them.

"And there is a general trend toward decentralizing federal government penal activity. More federal officials will be working directly with the states, and federal money will go for supportive services to them."

President Johnson's new program provides for localities to get up to 50 percent of the costs of constructing significant new types of physical facilities. Present facilities and correctional practices in state prisons vary so widely that chaotic conditions often exist.

"The typical county jail is even worse—it is dirty and overcrowded, serves deplorable food, and offers no counseling or recreational program, so that the prisoner simply degenerates. Beginning with fed-

eral aid to state and local governments, we should eventually be able to establish greater unity and more enlightened practices throughout the country.

"But this means even greater need for community participation—from individual efforts like volunteering to teach carpentry or typing, to group efforts to support the local bond issues which make better prisons possible. As the President's Commission on Law Enforcement points out, the responsibility of the individual citizen runs deep—he himself must respect the law, and reject the old argument that 'anything goes so long as you don't get caught.' And he must think in terms of *preventing* crime before it happens."

Now: Jobs After Prison

If you treat an individual as he . . . could be . . .

"In the new approach, we don't like to speak of rehabilitation," says Myrl Alexander. "Literally, that means restoring to a former state of health. Our people don't *have* a former state of usefulness. They have been the school dropouts, the unemployables, the deprived, the neglected, and the immature. Tests show that their basic intelligence is about the same as the general population of the country, but they're educationally retarded by nearly five years. Over 90 percent have no employable skill. Our task is to bring them to a *new* state of contributory capacity."

This seems to be what is happening in the work-release and other new programs. A study shows that two thirds of the prisoners terminated from work-release obtained jobs as a direct result of their participation in the program. A substantial number has enrolled for more vocational training. Within the prisons, too, officials have observed a new hierarchy: the "smart guy" is no longer the tough guy but the one who goes out with savings in his pocket. In many cases, this is the result, not of being given a second chance but of getting his *first* chance.

"Today, we don't try to reform him," says Mr. Alexander. "We try to help him form *himself* into adult responsibilities." □

Susan's Third Winter



The ones who call the winter time forlorn
Must not have heard a small girl's laughter ring
When squirrels frisk about her feet for corn;
When sparrows sway on icy boughs and sing
A paeon of praise to her who gave them bread.
Nor have they watched a snowman slowly rise
From drifts, to wear a slouch hat on his head
Then twinkle back at her from coal-chip eyes.
They have not seen a sled streak down a hill,
A blur of scarlet snowsuit flashing by,
Then watched her sit, entranced and statue-still,
In wonderment that little girls can fly!
And they, who think the winter months are bleak
Have not seen snow-stars melt on Susan's cheek.

Beulah Fenderson Smith



Letters

Seminary Features Helpful

ORVILLE H. MCKAY, *President
Garrett Theological Seminary
Evanston, Ill.*

I have read with interest and appreciation the November, 1967, issue of **TOGETHER**.

The way in which you have featured seminary education and the critical issues involved in preparing men for ministry in our time is very helpful. It is done not simply with good taste and with an appeal to the interest of lay people, but it is done with depth of insight and meaningful concern. I want to express not only my own appreciation but also that of Garrett.

Lawyers' Training Is Tough

ELISABETH WATTS
Detroit, Mich.

In Newman Cryer's article, *Crisis in the Seminaries* [November, 1967, page 16], I was surprised to find this statement: "The bachelor of divinity (B.D. or its equivalent) that a minister gets is a professional degree, one that is tougher to get than a law degree. . . ." No attempt is made to verify this evaluation by any data.

While I am not a minister, it is patently obvious that Mr. Cryer has had limited contact with law-school and bar-examination requirements. For admission to any accredited law school in the U.S. an applicant must successfully complete the Law School Aptitude Test, and even after completing three years in a law school curriculum one must pass a state bar examination before he may hang out his shingle.

I make no value judgments on the relative "toughness" of ministerial and legal training. I merely suggest that the writer's opinion was in poor taste.

Internal vs. External Struggles

ROBERT E. LEE, *Dean of Students
Martin College
Pulaski, Tenn.*

Crisis in the Seminaries was most interesting to me because I am a seminary graduate interested in the future of The Methodist Church and the education of its ministers. Also, I have had the good fortune to attend the law

school of the University of Alabama. I can assure you that there is not the ease of acquisition of the LL.B. degree implied in this article. Very truthfully, I do not think the requirements of the B.D. begin to approach the requirements of the LL.B., at least at the school I attended, where about one in three survive by the sheerest determination.

In defense of the B.D. candidate, I will add that the difficulty experienced by me and most of my colleagues was an internal one, wrestling with ideas and personal involvement not confronted by students in law school, where matters learned are primarily external.

I am most sympathetic to the struggles of the seminarian, which make seminary most difficult. However, I think that seminary professors feel that if you are "fool" enough (I use the term in the best sense) to enter the ministry, they will not keep you from your goal.

Just a 'World' Magazine

MRS. G. M. BRIGGS
APO, New York, N.Y.

It makes me very sad to have to write this letter. I have been more and more upset each month as I have received your magazine which comes as



"Okay, I'll tell you why I want to stop going steady: I'm sick and tired of wearing this same stupid sweater all the time, that's why."

a gift to us. I find in it no Gospel, no Scripture, or answers to Bible questions. I could put it with the "world" magazines, pull off the cover, and no one could tell the difference.

You tell in *Free Legal Aid for Those Who Need it Most* [August, 1967, page 4] how The Methodist Church is helping people get divorces. Have you read your Bible recently, especially Mark 10:4-12 and Luke 16:18? Please read it for the souls of Methodists around the world.

Can you not find one spiritual Christian in The Methodist Church? I see articles about young people but not that they are being led to Christ or are going out to lead others to him. This is what the church is: people who believe on Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior and tell others. Yes, even in a magazine! We're not to go out and patch up the world, but lead others to Christ!

World Concern Evident

MR. AND MRS. J. W. BRASHER
Fairbanks, Alaska

We were losing faith in **TOGETHER**; however your article, *We Need a New Reformation . . . Here!* [October, 1967, page 15], by Michael Novak restored our belief that your magazine does care about the world today. Please thank Mr. Novak for us.

World's Standards Accepted

HOWARD LYDICK
Richardson, Texas

Having served as chairman of the North Texas Conference committee on temperance, I have read with interest the articles *We Need a New Reformation . . . Here!* and *Who Cares?* [page 20] in the October issue. The second article is a good example of why the first was printed.

The overall tenor of the Reformation article is that the churches in America are more concerned with their reputations, with what the world thinks, than with the teachings of God through Jesus. Consequently, the standards of our churches are those of contemporary society rather than those of Christ. How clearly this shows in *Who Cares?*

The author, Paul Carruth, tells us how so many Methodists are ignoring the total-abstinence stand of their church, but instead of presenting the very sound reasons for this position and challenging concerned Christians to live up to that standard, this brave Methodist minister steps boldly forth and advocates that The Methodist Church follow the dictates of what he conceives to be the majority.

Stripped of its tactful phrasing, *Who Cares?* actually presents the case for alcoholic beverages. Like the



(the year
of our LORD)

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LORD
?

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brewer and the winemaker, Mr. Carruth is "concerned" over the alcoholic and the problems that alcohol brings. But, like them, he is not concerned enough to insist on real solutions to the problem—abstinence for the individual and prohibition by the state. That prohibition is the most effective control yet devised is well shown by the liquor industry's own recent figures: In 1934 only 22 percent of adults used alcoholic beverages; now they are used by 65 percent.

Has World Ever Listened?

MRS. GENEIL CHEVALIER
Bellingham, Wash.

It was with deep interest that I read Paul Carruth's thoughtful article *Who Cares?* last October. It is obvious Mr. Carruth does care and has a deep concern. But I believe his article clearly points out the present tragedy of the church. It is unwilling to take unpopular stands simply because "the world is not listening, and only a blind person would fail to recognize that even the bulk of the church members are no longer following that recommendation."

Jesus Christ has never called us to anything except total commitment. The people of his day rejected the call. Why must we be so disturbed at its being rejected in our day, too? We keep saying, "But the world isn't listening." When did it ever listen?

Alcohol Still a Destroyer

MRS. HESTER B. HILL, R.N.
Schenectady, N.Y.

Who Cares? reminds me of the militant temperance program Methodists had a number of years ago. As I matured, I almost forgot the idea that alcohol is "evil." In fact, I felt very tolerant about the whole subject. None of my family or friends had any problems in this area.

About 10 years ago, however, I accepted a position with a large hospital and have seen many cases of illness and death either caused or promoted by alcoholism. I have been amazed by the ways excessive use of alcohol destroys the users.

I think what hit me the hardest was the men themselves. I expected them to be depraved and self-indulgent. Instead, I find them above average in IQ, highly sensitive, creative, and valued by their associates (when sober). They seem to have in common an overwhelming sense of guilt and worthlessness. Many have lost or are about to lose their family and friends.

I have become convinced that they cannot abstain from alcohol except by the most heroic effort, and failures bring on almost suicidal depression. I am now working with a team doing

group therapy with a small, select group of highly motivated men who realize they somehow must stop drinking. Even here the results are not very good, although we compare well with similar programs. We are continually seeking ways to improve.

The alcoholic is so manipulative that efforts to help him are usually foiled. Still these are desperately and dangerously ill people.

When I consider the scope of this destruction, I often wonder if anyone today is saying with any authority: "Don't drink; it isn't good for you." Surely the church is not.

She Wished for a Blank

MRS. WILLIAM MULLOY
Hanna, Ind.

I am an artist and wish to express dislike for the cover of the October, 1967, issue. There may be a place for such fine photographs, but it is not on the cover of our church magazine. There have been other covers I didn't like but this is the one which stirs me to wish the cover had been blank. This world is so full of beauty—nature, trees, skies, lakes, birds, and such. I hope future covers meet the eye with better approval.

Cover Returned, Psalm Saved

MRS. JOHN H. FRAGEMAN
Pomona, Calif.

My husband told me to return to you the cover page off of your October issue. To us it is rather repulsive, even creepy. But in the same issue, the color pictorial on *The 148th Psalm* [pages 32-34] is beautiful. I shall show it to friends.

Psalm 'Beautifully Done'

SISTER NOEMI
Saint Scholastica Priory
Duluth, Minn.

This is just a note to tell you I think you deserve great praise for publishing the pictorial *The 148th Psalm*. It was most beautifully done, and anything so excellent merits a note of encouragement and gratitude.

Thank you.

Remedy for Homesickness

J. DAVID ROBERTS
Centenary College of Louisiana
Shreveport, La.

I am a college freshman far (to me, at least) from my family in New Orleans. I get homesick at times, but I really get a boost from reading TOGETHER in the school library because I know they are reading it, too!

I would like to express my enjoyment of three articles in your October

issue: *College Orientation—For Parents* [page 30], *Ecumenism Sweeps the Campus* [page 4], and *The 148th Psalm* color pictorial.

I feel that **TOGETHER** is more and more "my" magazine after reading the two campus-related articles. The one on campus ecumenism is especially interesting since I am a member of the Methodist Student Movement.

The 148th Psalm was beautiful, especially the foggy scene drenched in blue by Eugene Held of Hinton, Iowa, on page 39.

Bigger Thrill Than Check

EUGENE HELD

Hinton, Iowa

It was a great pleasure to see my entry in the group selected to illustrate *The 148th Psalm* in your 1967 *Photo Invitational*. The \$25 check was appreciated, but having my slide duplicated in **TOGETHER** was the thrill. Every aspect of the contest was carefully handled.

May I compliment you on the reproductions in every issue. This high quality workmanship alone places your magazine above many other publications.

An 11th-hour reminder to Mr. Held and all other reader-photographers: The deadline for submitting entries in our 12th *Photo Invitational on Youth in Action—What Are They Doing?* is February 1, 1968. For additional information, see page 71.—EDITORS

Dissenters Prolong the War

RICHARD E. HICKMAN

South Houston, Texas

I infer from what Dr. Tracey K. Jones had to say about Viet Nam [see *Viet Nam: Is Peace Possible?* November, 1967, page 4] that he is asking American diplomats to go to a conference table somewhere, sit down, pretend that there are North Vietnamese on the other side, supply all the dialogue, and write a treaty—all like a lone child at play. That would be a beautiful fantasy, but of what use would the treaty be?

In one respect that is a realistic attitude. It is likely to be the only kind of treaty that we are to have until after November, 1968, not because our government won't negotiate but because the North Vietnamese government has reason aplenty to gamble on the United States simply voting itself out of the war. They could not be expected to have any other reaction to all of the vociferous dissent they hear about in this country.

If we were to read about North Vietnamese burning draft cards, trying to block entrances of induction centers,

demonstrating against their country's participation in the war, calling Ho the enemy, demanding de-escalation, demanding that North Viet Nam negotiate—would we not think that North Viet Nam was losing its will to fight? Would we not think that possibly the North Vietnamese government would be overthrown and a peace party would come in control that would cease supporting the war in the South and withdraw northern troops?

It is impossible to doubt that those who carry their dissent to the point of virtual insurrection are among those who bear responsibility for prolonging the war. Partly because of them, talk of negotiation is pointless.

Stop Grumbling, She Says

MRS. R. H. RHODES

North Clymer, N.Y.

Praise Pastor Andrew J. Peters for his straight thinking about the Viet Nam war. [See *Church Siding With Communists*, November, 1967, page 68.] I, too, am sick and tired of certain of our citizens sympathizing with North Viet Nam.

Why can't we see straight concerning this war? America is not the aggressor. North Viet Nam has been advancing on South Viet Nam for years, murdering men, women, and children. All North Viet Nam has to do is stay home, and we will gladly come home.

All the grumbling in America is prolonging the war because the North thinks this may be a sign that we will give up. Let's stop the grumbling, go all the way, and clean this mess up.

Two Jennings Chapels

MRS. THURMAN R. WARFIELD

Woodbine, Md.

When **TOGETHER** published *Church Homecoming in Alabama* [June, 1967, page 1]—about Jennings Chapel Methodist Church in Northport, Ala.—some of us here in Maryland took special notice. We are members of Jennings Chapel Methodist Church near Florence in Howard County, Maryland, and your article was the first we ever had read or heard about another church with the same name as ours.

I surmised from the biography of Dr. Samuel K. Jennings that both churches were named for the same person, and this fact was confirmed through correspondence with the pastor of the Alabama church. Dr. Jennings was a principal leader of the reform group during the controversy over government of the Methodist Episcopal Church between 1808 and 1828. The result, of course, was that a new church came into being in Baltimore on November 22, 1828, and at its General Conference in 1830 the



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name Methodist Protestant Church was formally adopted.

Dr. Jennings, a New Jersey native, was both a successful preacher and a medical doctor who served in many responsible positions in hospitals and medical schools. He moved to Alabama in 1845 to be with his children but later returned to Maryland where he died in 1854.

Our church, originally called Warfield Chapel before being renamed in Dr. Jennings' honor, was completed in 1854, so it is seven years younger than the Jennings Chapel in Alabama. Both churches had special observances in November. We dedicated a new educational building, and they observed their church's 120th anniversary.

Sermon Topic, Too

DONALD W. ASHE, Pastor
Snow Hill Methodist Church
Candler, N.C.

Alice Olson's article *An Eye for an Eye* [September, 1967, page 49] interested me. Recently I preached a sermon on eye donations, and several persons have donated their eyes as a result. Readers wanting a copy of this sermon may write in care of Box 116-D, Route 4, Candler, N.C. 28715.

Welcome Them All, She Says

MRS. DEL REYNOLDS
Sunnyside, Wash.

I wish to take issue with Joy A. Sterling's Viewpoint, *Let's Worship Only God on Sunday* [November, 1967, page 15]. On Scout, Camp Fire, Rainbow, or any other special Sunday, I never felt I was worshiping anyone but God. The fact that the bulletin shows a member of one of these organizations at church only serves to remind me that we are not alone in working for a better and more Christian world.

If I am truly in an attitude of worship, the small amount of squirming and noise is not going to interrupt this. What better sight on a Sunday morning than a group of young people waiting to enter a church to worship our Lord? If some of these people do not happen to belong to our church, so what? And as for those who would not otherwise be attending any church, they should be the most welcome. From my own experience I know that this occasional attendance with a group can lead individuals to receiving Christ and gaining a church home. To these few, such a welcome should be extended that they will be encouraged to come back on any Sunday.

No organization with which I have been associated has ever done more than to ask a minister if they could attend in a body. If he chooses to extol their virtues from the pulpit, that is

his privilege—as it is mine to tell him later I didn't like it.

I say, "Come one, come all." In my church there is room for everyone. Come whenever and however you want.

Basic Principle Misunderstood

WILLIAM C. PARKER
Hannibal, N.Y.

The basic idea presented in *Let's Worship Only God on Sunday* is a good one, but at one point the author refers to a sign above the door of her sanctuary which reads, "Enter to worship; leave to serve." And she adds: "First must come the worship."

Such slogans betray a lack of understanding of basic Christian principles, and seem to be used more and more as substitutes for any really meaningful Christian commitment.

Since when are "worshipping" and "serving" two different acts, one apparently confined to a sanctuary and the other excluded therefrom? Service is worship, in the fullest sense of the term.

German writer George Christoph Lichtenberg put it this way:

"The words *divine service* should be reassigned and no longer used for attending church, but only for good deeds."

And John Greenleaf Whittier summed it up:

To worship rightly is to love each other, Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Ads Worked for Him, Too

DONALD E. WILDMON, Pastor
Iuka Methodist Circuit
Iuka, Miss.

Because of my experience with the subject, I read with much interest the article, *Run Down to Your Neighborhood . . . Church*, by Anne D. McGuire [November, 1967, page 41]. Use of advertising in generally circulated newspapers is one way the church can go beyond its own walls, which is what we must do to truly be the church.

The response to advertisements which I ran in our local weekly paper was similar to that received by the Portland, Oreg., church referred to in your article. Since we had no funds to conduct an advertising campaign, I paid for the space by writing sports for the paper. Incidentally, the ads merited an "unconventional evangelism award" from the Methodist Board of Evangelism.

When I stopped running the ads, I began writing a weekly column called *Whatsoever Things* for the local paper and made it available to other papers as well. It now runs in 52 papers across the South every week.

Youth in Action—What Are They Doing?

THIS IS the question we're asking you reader-photographers in TOGETHER's 12th Photo Invitational. We've asked ourselves the same question, and always come up with the same answer.

Young people are doing *many, many* things today.

Just words, those? Yes, and it is obvious that no single picture, or group of pictures, can cover the entire range of youth activity going on around us today.

The pictures on this page, for example, suggest that some young people dedicate their lives to others, some have inquiring minds, some enjoy nature. Perhaps the situations here are too obvious. Perhaps not. It all depends on the imagination, skill, feeling, and freshness of viewpoint brought to focus behind your camera.

So the possibilities are unlimited. But more words are not what you need. A camera and color film are necessities. The only requirement is that you focus in on today's young people as they go about doing one or another of those *many, many* things.

—Your Editors



HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. Color prints or negatives are not eligible.
2. Identify each slide; explain what is happening, why it was inspired, and briefly give us your interpretation in the light of youth's role in the world today. Preferably, subjects should be in their teens or early 20s.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage. Do not stick stamps to anything.
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1968.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them become the property of TOGETHER. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of all slides purchased from submissions.) We'll pay \$25 for each 35-mm slide used, \$35 for larger sizes.
6. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. Care will be used in handling transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

Send your submissions to:

TOGETHER Picture Editor, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

Bearers *of the* Flame

THEY MEET at a forgotten crossroads in Maryland on a raw, blustery day in March of 1774 and, during one of their infrequent meetings, will ride together for a few days.

Opposites in personality and background, both are fired by John Wesley's evangelistic zeal, and symbolize all that American Methodism was, or would become.

Captain Thomas Webb, a bluff old British army officer who lost an eye in the French and Indian wars, laid his sword on the pulpit when he preached his tumultuous lay sermons. He organized Methodist societies and helped build churches in the colonies before his companion, the immortal Francis Asbury, arrived.

During the American Revolution, Captain Webb would be imprisoned before returning to England. Asbury would wait out the war, then resume his superhuman labors, riding the wilderness trails of a dark frontier for more than 40 years. If, at any crossroads, he had turned back, there would be no Methodist Church in America as we know it today.

Still, it is said that the old warrior with the green eye patch ignited the spark. It remained for the other—preacher, bishop, organizer—to fan the flames and light the torch that has guided American Methodism for almost 200 years. □





Hoyt Johnson

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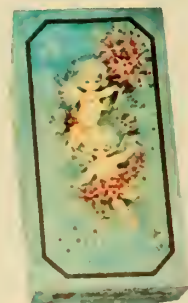
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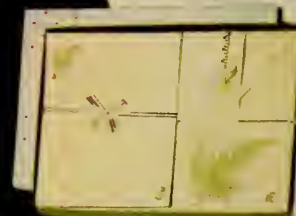
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